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CALLIOPE.



F. Catel del.

C. Warren sculp.

*See said the Hostess, where the Pastor comes;
And with him arm in arm th' Apothecary.*

Published as the Act directs by Longman & Rees London 21st May 1801.

396.

HERMAN AND DOROTHEA.

A POEM,

FROM THE GERMAN OF

GOETHE,

By THOMAS HOLCROFT.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. N. LONGMAN AND O. REES, PATERNOSTER-RROW,

BY BIGGS AND COTTLE, BRISTOL.

1801.

HERMAN AND DOROTHY

A STORY

FROM THE GERMAN OF

GOETHE

BY THOMAS HOOD

LONDON

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR AND SOLD BY T. B. SPENCER, 10, ST. MARK'S PLACE, LONDON.

1801.

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PREFACE.

I was first induced to peruse the following Poem, in the original, in consequence of the fame it had acquired; and with no further view than that of receiving pleasure from a more intimate study of the German language; in the best and purest idioms of which, the natives affirm it abounds. While reading, a desire was excited to translate some lines; it was a gratification not to be resisted. One passage delighted, and another was begun: till, at length, the resolution was fixed to compleat the work; and so great

was the pleasure it gave, that it might truly be said to flow from the pen *con amore*.

It is improbable, however, that the admiration of an English reader should ever equal that of the native German: for no translation, of a really beautiful poem, can ever hope to equal the original. The boldest translator must be, more or less, a slave: while he that wrote the poem was a Creator; selecting a subject, directing the plan, and the progress, clothing it in his own thoughts, and embellishing it with the diction and the metaphors which his judgment preferred. Of these privileges it is only possible for the translator to assume a small part.

Of the high estimation in which this Poem is held in Germany, the proofs are numerous.

The Literary Journals abound in its praise. The learned Humboldt has written an octavo volume, as the first part of a general inquiry into the principles of taste; and, through the whole volume, has selected this particular work to exemplify those principles. The brothers Schlegel, one of whom is become famous by a new translation of Shakspeare, have written a long critique upon it, in the *Jena Allgerneine Litteratur Zeitung*; from which the following is an extract.

“ It is not the enthusiastic romance of love, that is described in Herman and Dorothea; but the pure affections of the heart, founded on mutual confidence, and in unison with every social duty, and every feeling that could unite two inexperienced but powerful minds. In the calm intercourse of common life, the birth and progress

of such an affection would have glided on unremarked; and, in order to fix the attention of the reader, a coincidence of extraordinary occurrences was necessary. These the Poet has produced, from a single incident; and with such facility, that the happiness of the thought is scarcely perceived. Herman first beholds Dorothea a fugitive, involved in the common desolation and horrors of war; and hence his sudden determination, the fear of being opposed by his father, and the ambiguity of his behaviour to her; which ends but with the Poem."

"The subject is raised, and kept wholly aloof from common tales, by the terrible and dignified picture, in the back ground, of great worldly events; and thus are small things so combined with great, as to bear the stamp of this ever

memorable Aera. These events form the wonderful of the Poem; and of that kind which alone could give pleasure, in the Epopea of the present age: for it is no attempt to excite the astonishment of curiosity, but the sympathies of the soul."

"The plan of the Poem is entirely Epic; and not Dramatic. No artful denouement, no crouded incidents, no sudden changes, nor any prolonged suspense. All is simple, all is gradual, all is direct. Such are the links of progress, that, though the mind is always kept alive, it is never so hurried away as to lose the power of reflection. The soul is never tortured by compassion: its feelings are pure, mild, and in unison with the dignified tone of the narrative."

The delineation of the characters is equally simple. All strong contrasts are avoided; and the light is thrown upon the picture in such soft tints as entirely to harmonize with and give it keeping. The Host has a moderate share of peculiarities: he is capricious, conscious of his wealth, and ambitious to distinguish himself; yet a worthy citizen, husband, and father. The Apothecary diverts us at his own expence: but with such goodness of intention as never to excite contempt. His talkative egotism, from which opposition might be feared, is harmless. Such simple and pleasant traits are in the pure spirit of the Epopea; to which any deviations from the originally mixed principles of human nature are foreign: they wholly belong to the Drama. Of the Mother, the Pastor, and the Judge, it would be difficult to say which is the most worthy.

The sound understanding of Herman is judiciously combined, by the Poet, with a certain external rusticity; that the change effected by love, may be the more apparent. His heart is endowed with gifts it knows not how to display; and, while in doubt, yields reluctantly to tender emotions: but, when the woman congenial to its feelings appears, they flow like the stream from the rock. His resolution is then not to be shaken. What manly self-command, what sage generosity he displays, in his conduct to Dorothea! These render him nearly her equal: otherwise, in various respects, and especially in heroic greatness of mind, she would have been much his superior. A being of uncommon dignity, firm and self-dependent, all her actions are lovely; and she delights to act. Her fortitude, in general and individual calamity, her rosy health, and her

corporeal powers, might make us forget her feminine tenderness; did she not, during her intercourse with Herman, mingle the light and careless play of conscious amiability; and did not her feelings, when wounded by supposed mockery, finally extort from her a most passionately yet modest and dignified confession. The tribute she pays to the memory of her first Lover, who fell a noble sacrifice to the noblest of principles, is equally honorable to both. As the Poem concludes, his hovering form soars at a distance, superior to all below; and thus the grand and beautiful of the Poem rise, as it proceeds, like the waters of a calm but deep and powerful stream."

"In fine, Herman and Dorothea is a work of consummate art, in the great stile; intelligible,

feeling, patriotic, and popular: a book full of the golden rules of wisdom and virtue."

Whether the praises of these critics do or do not exceed the merits of the Poem, is not for a translator to decide. He is first delighted with his author; and afterward still more, perhaps, by the new garb of his own, in which, after much labour, he sees his adopted son arrayed: though he may esteem himself fortunate, should it not, in many of its parts, appear ill-adjusted, gaudy, or ungraceful.

This naturally leads to a brief notice of the method pursued in the following translation. Though, through every stage of savage and social life, the grand characteristics of man are the same, yet, in their more minute manners,

customs, and habits, they vary to infinitude. In moral sentiments, poetical feeling; and idioms of speech, each people have their peculiarities. To these I have not unfrequently dared to render my author subject; and indulge in such variations as I imagined he would have been likely to have adopted, had he written to the English Nation. To a few of them, the individual motives are assigned: but a full inquiry might lead to an Essay for each variation: as well on manners and customs, as on taste, judgment, and subjects of criticism. Thus, in the Canto Euterpe, the liberties taken are frequent: especially where the irruptions of the French, and the feelings they created, are described. To point them all out were to be tediously candid, and laboriously dull.

The reader will find several passages cited in the Notes; and from them referred to the Preface. All of these come under the general heads, already mentioned: the man of taste will immediately see to which; and will either condemn or approve the change.

It may not, however, be improper to add, that I felt, as Schlegel appears to have done, the inferiority of Herman to Dorothea. The imagination takes delight in picturing these Lovers to itself as prepared to act in a more elevated sphere; where the virtues and powers they possess may expand, acquire increasing force, and be seen in all their splendour. For this reason, in many passages, but particularly in that beginning line 105, Polyhymnia, the character of Herman has a poetic colouring,

and is intentionally heightened, that he may be foretold or rather felt to be capable of the greatness he has not yet attained.

The literal reading of some passages is given, for various reasons. Those that relate to characters and manners are easily discoverable: but, in a few instances, the original is literally translated, to shew that idioms may correspond, in different languages, and in one may be proper for poetical expression, while in the other they would be colloquial, if not vulgar, and even ludicrous. Of this nature are the citations line 209, Terpsichore, and lines 279, 287, Clio. The justice and the respect due to the public, and to the author of the Poem, demand these acknowledgements.

The original is written in hexameter verses; to which German readers are now familiarized, by their best Poets. This verse is favourable to flowing description, and fulness of epithet. In these, Goethe is rich, almost to profusion: nor to blank verse incapable of them; but, from its abundance of monosyllables, the English language is characteristically laconic. The original descriptive flow has not been neglected, in the translation: yet, were the lines to express additional thoughts deducted, and a syllabic estimate made, the English would be at least one fourth shorter than the German; for the number of lines would be nearly equal, and the mean proportion of syllables between a line of hexameter and a line of blank verse, as ten to fourteen.

Much has been written on the nature and the powers of English versification; yet the inquiry is far from compleat. Were the rhythmus of blank verse accurately preserved, none but pure iambics must be admitted: it would then consist of a perfect but a monotonous melody; and would resemble musical counter point, in which none but perfect chords should be heard. In these, it is true, the enchanting sweetness of music consists: yet character and passion can only be created by bold and frequent discords. Something of the nature of discord must be admitted in versification; or that will also become monotonous. To produce emotion by interrupting the regular measure, without suffering the reader to perceive that it is interrupted, is indeed a delicate and a difficult task. The flow of language, when the passions are

rouzed, or the narrative is in its full course and eager to be eloquent, ought to suffer no impediment. Innumerable examples, from Shakspeare, Milton, Young, and many others, might be brought to show that interruptions in the measure of blank verse are happily made, when feeling imperceptibly hurries the Poet and with him the reader into the adopted phrase.

In the first eagerness of translating the following Poem, these interruptions were too many, and too violent: such of them therefore as the cooler judgment decided against have been corrected; others, that glide easily upon the ear, or flow forcibly from the passion, are suffered to remain. Thus, line 45, CALLIOPE, is composed of aenaepests; and has only four accents, instead of five. This is contrary to rule: the

man of taste and wholesome criticism will determine whether it be contrary to melody, and feeling. Those, who read for that purpose, will discover others of a different kind, as at line 95 of the same Canto; line 170, TERPSICHORE; and, throughout the Poem a frequent introduction of the trochaic foot. In fine, while speaking of the task I have undertaken in this work, I assign motives, but do not pretend to apologize. No good reason can be given for doing any thing which is in itself wrong; and, whatever the feelings of an author may be, those who point out that which is defective, are deserving of applause.

Jena Allgemeine Litteratur-zeitung.

To those who love literature, anecdotes of men of literary genius are no trivial source of plea-

sure. In a work entitled *Handbuch der poetischen Literatur der Deutschen*, or A manuel of the poetical literature of the Germans, by Vetterlein, the following brief account of our author is given.

John Wolfgang von Goethe was born August 28th, 1749, at Frankfurt on the Main, was educated at the public school in that City, and was chiefly indebted for his knowledge of classical learning to the Rector, *Albrecht*, and the Pro-Rector, *Scherbius*. He afterward studied modern languages; the French, English, and Italian; and likewise employed himself in drawing, and etching. Though, from his uncommon genius, he was highly respected and beloved by his fellow Students, he preferred the more grave society of men, from whom he could gain information. In 1765, he prosecuted his studies at the University of Leipsic;

and returned to Frankfurt in 1769: where he wrote his *Götz von Berlichingen*, in the manner of the historical dramas of Shakspeare.

He removed to Strasburg, in 1770; where he took the degree of Doctor of laws, and formed an acquaintance with J. George Herder: a man well known for his learning and genius, and of whom he still remains the friend. In the following year, Goethe went to Wetzlar. Here he wrote his "*Sorrows of Werter*;" which did not appear till 1774. This work immediately fixed the public attention, was translated into French, English, Italian, Swedish, and Russian, and produced a swarm of imitators. He took his fable, and the idea of his hero, from the history of *Carl Wilhelm Jerusalem*: a young man, who was guilty of suicide; because he could not endure the haughtiness with

which, on some occasion, he had been treated by the nobility. About this time, Goethe enjoyed the friendship of the Critic, *J. Heinrich Merk*; who died some years ago, at Darmstadt, a Counsellor of War.

In 1771, Goethe made a journey into Switzerland; in company with the brothers, Christian, and F. Leopold, Counts of *Stolberg*, and Count *Haugwitz*: but passed the two following years in his native City. At the end of 1775, he received an invitation from Charles Augustus, *Duke of Weimar*, to whom he had become personally known at Darmstadt; which he accepted: and, in 1776, enjoyed the office of Diplomatic Counsellor, with a seat and vote in the College of the privy council. In 1779 he was appointed a privy counsellor; and in 1782 president of the chamber, and ennobled.

Goethe made a second journey into Switzerland, in 1779, accompanying the Prince, his patron; and, in the Summer of 1786, he went to Italy: in the delightful provinces of which, he whiled away two years, and visited Sicily; but made the longest stay at Rome. In this seat of the arts and pleasures, however, he did not neglect the German Muses; but wrote various works of genius, which were published after his return. The ease and leisure which he has since enjoyed have been dedicated to Literature, and masterly productions in verse and prose.*

* In 1774, Goethe wrote a farce entitled *Götter, Helden, und Wieland*: or, *Gods, Heroes, and Wieland*: a satyr on Wieland's Opera called *Alceste*. This Wieland republished, in the *Deutschen Merkur*, June 1774, and recommended it to his readers, as a master piece of irony. Nothing could be more dignified than this conduct.

To the honour of the Duke of Weimar be it added, he is the zealous patron of literature and men of letters; and, still further to the honour of Wieland, he was the Duke's instructor.

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CONTENTS.

			Page
Canto I.	CALLIOPE.	Misfortune and Sympathy	3
Canto II.	TERPSICHORE.	Herman - - - - -	21
Canto III.	THALIA.	The Burger - - - - -	43
Canto IV.	EUTERPE.	The Mother and Son -	55
Canto V.	POLYHYMNIA.	The Cosmopolite - -	75
Canto VI.	CLIO.	The Age - - - - -	97
Canto VII.	ERATO.	Dorothea - - - - -	123
Canto VIII.	MELPOMENE.	Herman and Dorothea	139
Canto IX.	URANIA.	The Prospect - - -	149
NOTES	- - - - -	- - - - -	175

CONTENTS

Canto I. CALLISTO	Misfortune and Sympathy	1
Canto II. TERPSICHOE	Herbert	21
Canto III. THALIA	The Hunter	42
Canto IV. EUTRICH	The Mother and Son	53
Canto V. POLYHYMNIA	The Goddesses	75
Canto VI. CILIO	The Age	97
Canto VII. ERATO	Dorothy	113
Canto VIII. MELPOMENE	Herbert and Dorothy	129
Canto IX. URANIA	The Prospect	149

NOTES - - - - - 173

INDEX - - - - - 173

MISFORTUNE AND SYMPATHY

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CANTO

I.

CALLIOPE.

CANTO

I

CALLIOPE

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MISFORTUNE AND SYMPATHY.

I never knew the market place so still,
The streets so thinn'd, the town so like a desert,
And so dead. Eager curiosity
Has left, methinks, not fifty souls behind.
How, at a mournful tribe of fugitives 5
Escaping from the sword, men run to gaze !
The road is distant near a league ; yet, in
The dust and heat of noon, they thither crowd.
For my part, Jane, I have no wish to see
Poor houseless innocents, who passed the Rhine 10

And fled its fruitful banks, dragging along
 The remnants they could save, and shelter driv'n
 To seek, in our recluse and happier vale !
 'Twas kindly thought of thee to send our son,
 With such cast clothes as we could spare, and such 15
 Refreshments as we had to give : for sure
 The rich should feel delight to aid the wretched.
 It pleas'd me much to see him curb the young
 Fresh steeds ; and guide the carriage, neat and new,
 With seats for four, beside the box on which 20
 He sat and drove, winding the streets at will,
 So discours'd the Host of the Golden Lion :
 With his wife ; sitting, garrulous and blithe,
 Under his door-porch, in the market-place ;
 And thus the good and careful dame replied : 25

Linen, however old, is still of use
 Not to be bought, nor lightly given away :
 Yet th' old went not alone ; but shirts, and garments,
 Many, and good, some not half worn, I sent,
 To cover shivering age, and naked childhood. 30
 Could I forbear ? And surely thou'lt forgive
 That, with the rest, thy morning gown is gone :
 An old favorite, of India cotton, flower'd, ²
 And warmly lin'd with flannel, white and fine :
 But then 'twas past the fashion, thin, and faded. 35
 I grant it all, the good Host smil'd and said ;
 And yet I'd willingly have kept the gown :
 Tho' old, 'twas rare, and choice, and came from far :
 But, being gone, it is no matter, wife.
 The mode is chang'd to frocks, and boots, and pantaloons : 40
 Slippers, and morning state, are now no more.

Look, said the wife, some, who have seen the sight,
Which must ere this have pass'd, are now returning :
Each with a heated face, and dusty shoes,
Panting, and wiping the drops from the brow. 45

I wot their pleasures equal not their pains :
The doleful tale is quite enough for me!

Quick in reply, the Host : What man has seen
A finer harvest month, or clearer skies,
Or more refreshing rains ? Our fruits to store, 50
Having hous'd the hay, and the loaded fields
To reap, to-morrow early we begin ;
For pulpy is the grape and brown the corn.

And now, hurrying homeward, men and their wives
Throng'd thro' the market. Swiftly driving, with 55

His daughters, went the richest trader in
 The town ; returning to his house, rebuilt,
 In his new landau.³ Lively were the streets,
 Peopled again the town, which, tho' 'twas small,
 Held many a loom, and many a skilful hand. 60

Meanwhile, the friendly pair, with free remark,
 Sat under the porch, noting all who pass'd.
 See, said the Hostess, where the Pastor comes ;
 And with him, arm in arm, th' Apothecary :
 They'll tell us all that pass'd ; the when, the where, 65
 And what a sight so dismal must afford.

Up soon they came, greeting the honor'd pair,
 And sat down friendly on the wooden bench ;
 And finn'd the face, and shook away the dust.

Inquiries kind return'd, the Pharmist first ⁴ 70

Began ; his heart somewhat dissatisfied.

How strange a thing is man ! A lunatic

In grief or joy, he makes a holiday

Of horrors, which, to-morrow, may be all his own ;

Runs to behold his neighbour's house in flames ; 75

Hurries to glut his idiot ignorance ⁵

On the poor culprit, writhing on the wheel ; nor thinks

The morning sun may shew him to the world,

A spectacle of yet unheard-of terror !

And thus to view these wretched fugitives 80

He runs ; forgetting he may quickly fly.

Oh fool ! Insensate to the good and ill

Of other fools, and blinded to his own !

The Pástor, sound of understanding, heard :

He was the parish boast ; and in the prime 85

Of youth, ripening to manhood ; sage in worldly

Matters, and deeply vers'd in sacred writings,

And profane : heav'n and fate, from those, unfolding ;

From these, the actions and the heart of man.

I'm loath to blame, said he, what Nature gave, 90

Certes, for no ill end. How often

The headlong hussey, Curiosity, attain'd

The good which Wisdom found beyond her stretch !

Not stung by her, how much would man have known

Of the countless combinations of things ? 95

In search of something new, he chances on

Th' eternally useful ; establishes

The good, and gains renown. His jocund guide

In youth, is levity: she veils his eyes
 To danger; razing from his mem'ry griefs 100
 The most bitter, the moment they are pass'd.
 Worthy and noble is the man matur'd,
 Whose taught and steady mind holds on its course,
 In dignity; and draws from evil good;
 Tuning to Virtue's ear the song of Folly. 105

The Hostess thus; impatient, though she smil'd:
 I pray you tell us what you saw, and heard?
 For that we wish to know.

I cannot prattle
 A tale of woes so various, said the Pharmist. 110
 O'er the low meadows roll'd the clouds of dust;
 And almost hid the march, from hill to hill,

Of misery, that went along the vale.
 Great was the din and press of men. The groan
 Of many a hopeless wretch we heard; and felt 115
 How bitter were the passion and the pang,
 Of quitting every haunt, by habitude
 Endear'd; and yet how great the joy of life
 Thus sav'd! Flight was despair; and stay was death.
 Heart-wringing was the view of lumber pack'd 120
 At random. Haste has little choice; and Fear
 No judgment. The torn vest, the seatless chair,
 Were heap'd pell mell: the useful and the precious
 Left undistinguish'd; or too late remember'd.
 Chattles, which, yesterday, good house-wif'ry 125
 Had rang'd, in cleanly and delightful order,
 Lay now disjointed, broken, rent, or bulg'd;
 Unseemly, vile, and little fit for use.

'Twas thus, some thirty years ago, we fled, ⁶
 The town on fire, bewilder'd by the flames; 130
 Yoking the ox and ass, and loading them
 With old planks, hen coops, hoopless casks, and cages;
 And blocking up the roads, by frighten'd haste.
 One impell'd the other; each thinking but of self.
 Wives and their children ran with bundled rags: 135
 Waggon's were cramm'd distractedly and corded:
 All covetous to save; none able to select.
 This man's starv'd cattle could not move: the next
 Blasphem'd, at being stopp'd, and view'd the flames,
 To which the burning dust gave deadlier heat and hue. 140
 Hubbub and uproar then were universal:
 Stunning the clamours, and the mingled cries,
 Of man and beast: while age and sickness wail'd,
 Child and mother shriek'd, and the poor prisoner,
 Frantic with horror, bellow'd as he clank'd his chains. 145

Oh the joys we felt! we who had the power
To solace, and to save!

May such to-day

Be Herman's happy lot! exclaim'd the Host;
Glowing to think his son was thus employ'd. 150

The scene is pass'd; and glad I am I did
Not see that which it grieves me so to hear.

We hasten'd, at the first report, to send
Relief; such as our happier fate affords:
Easing our hearts by easing the distress'd. 155

How sweet the exercise of Charity!
To me more hateful is the fear of ill
Than is the ill itself: for coward fear
Will soon debase the heart. But come, my friends:
We're troubled by the hornet, and the wasp, 160

Audacious : to the parlour, where the sun
 Gives no annoy. The walls, impervious, thick,
 And cool, defy the hottest beams of day.
 And send us, dame, a flaggon of the best,
 The vintage eighty-three, to kill our cares : 165
 So let us sit and spend a social hour.

And sat they round the table; oaken, old,
 But firm, and polish'd to a shining brown ;
 And soon the good wife smiling came ; both arms
 Burthen'd with beakers, rummers, and the bright 170
 Old Hoc ; to cheer the eye and glad the heart.
 The Host and Pastor made their goblets ring :
 But motionless the Pharmist ; lost in thought.
 Noting this, awake, neighbour, said the Host :

The noble wine provokes the appetite : 175

Take off your bumper, and forget your cares.

Confide in heav'n : for mark, tho' punish'd once,

Great are the blessings it has since bestow'd,

Or rather shower'd, upon our town and fields ;

Favour'd and cherish'd as the apple of the eye. 180

Then why these gloomy doubts ? Or why suppose

The gracious God, who took delight to build

Our walls anew, by our laborious arms,

So soon should raze what he so lately rear'd ?

With mild and beaming sanctity, the Pastor 185

Added : This holy confidence be our's :

So shall we then, in good or evil hour,

Remain unshaken in the faith ; and worthy.

The Host, manly and prudent, in reply :

How often have I hail'd the mighty Rhine ; 190

Which, as I journey'd on its banks, inspir'd

Strange feelings ; full of hope, and enterprise ;

But little thought these lovely shores would form

A wall and moat, impassable, to bar

Th' unfriendly Frank. And shall we then despond, 195

When not alone our warriors, renown'd,

But, greater far, Nature, and Nature's God,

Are our defence? At length the very soldier,

Wearied to strike, begins to talk of peace:

And when that it shall come, this blessed peace, 200

For which so many millions pant, and cry ;

And when the pealing choir, in awful sounds

Shall breathe the transports of a thousand tribes,

From famine, plague, and sword redeem'd, may you,

My friend, to render that eventful day 205

More memorable still to me, receive

The vows of Herman at the altar, pledg'd

To heav'n and some fair bride, worthy my son !

But, ah ! how vain is a father's wish, while he,

Unapt to love, or inexperienced, avoids 210

Or takes small pleasure in the frolic dance,

And virgin blandishments, so dear to youth !

He ceas'd ; hearing the clattering hoof approach,

And the wheel, that echoed under the gate,

203

My friend, to render that eventful day

More memorable still to me, receive

The vows of Hermin at the altar, pledg'd

To heav'n and some fair bride, worthy my son!

But, ah! how vain is a father's wish, while he

Unapt to love, or inept to avoid

210

Or takes small pleasure in the frolic dance

And virgin blandishments, so dear to youth!

He ceas'd; hearing the clattering hoof approach;

And the wheel, that echoed under the gate,

Took to the road, and left him in surprise

To stand alone, with some faint, some pale

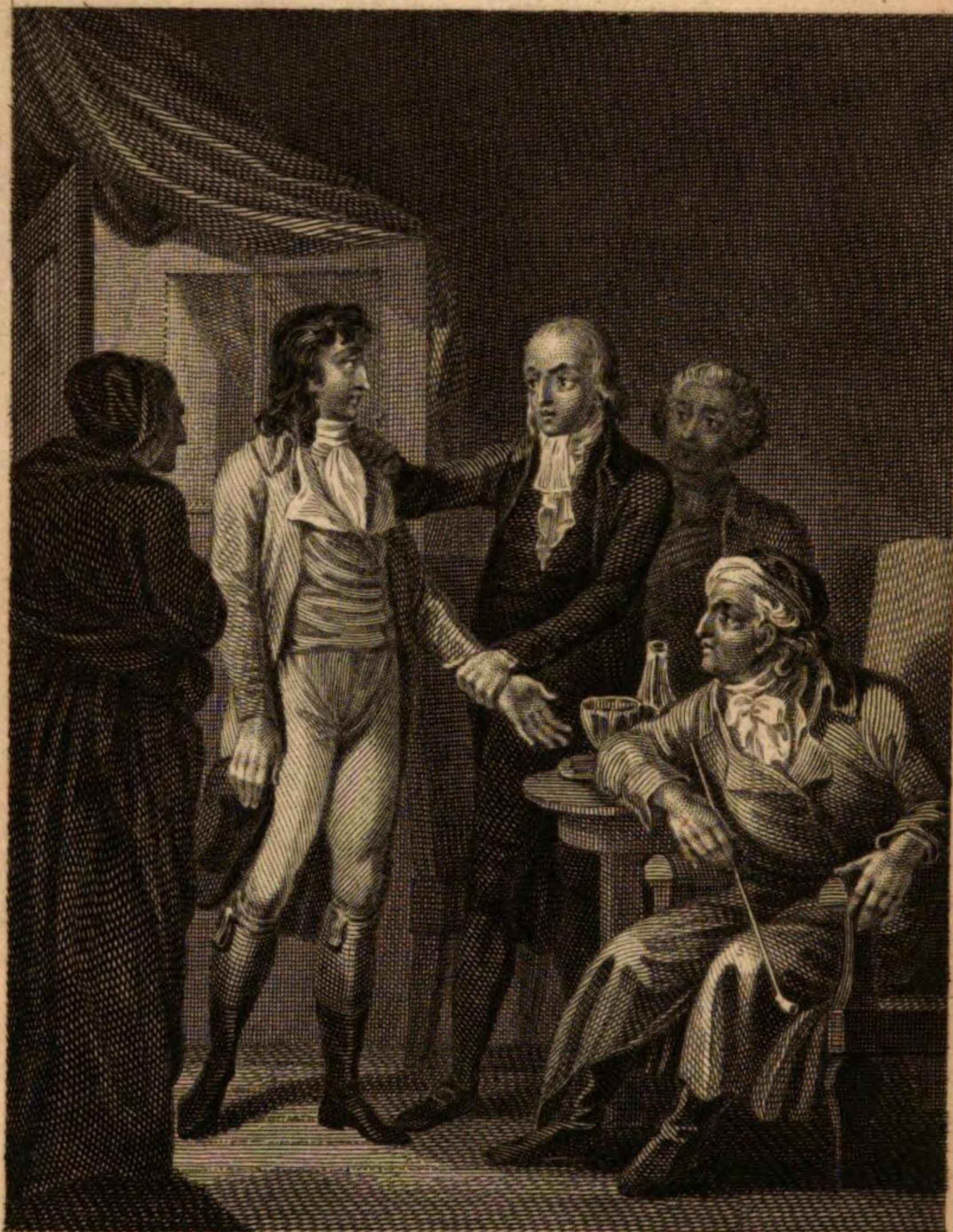
And sad expression on his face

And when the noise of wheels was past

He sigh'd, and then he sigh'd no more

From thence, he sigh'd no more

TERPSICHORE.



F. Catel del.

C. Warren sculp.

*Soon Herman enter'd strong of stature, fair
Of form:*

Publish'd as the Act directs by Longman & Rees London 21st May 1801.

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CANTO

II.

TERPSICHORE.

THE

CANTO

II

TERPSICHOE

Handwritten text, possibly a signature or date, mostly illegible.

Handwritten text, possibly a signature or date, mostly illegible.

Handwritten text, possibly a signature or date, mostly illegible.

HERMAN.

Soon Herman enter'd, strong of stature, fair
 Of form: and, shrewd the Pastor, in remark,
 Noting the mien and 'haviour of the youth,
 With smiles, and friendly words, and voice, exclaim'd:
 How, Herman, art thou chang'd! How full of life. 5
 Thy look; no gloom of heart is thine! The glow
 Of virtue beams upon thy countenance!
 Why ay! To Misery thou hast giv'n relief:
 From Mis'ry hast receiv'd ten thousand blessings!

Serene and grave, yet ardent, he replied : 10
 If good or ill I've done I scarcely know ;
 But, acting from the heart, the tongue will speak
 The truth. You, Mother, were too slow, or I
 Was too impatient, while you chose and pack'd,
 Perhaps with too much care, the welcome gifts 15
 Of raiment, fit ; and wine, and food, refreshing :
 For, as I left the town, our Burgers all
 Came streaming back. The fugitives were far
 Away. I speeded toward the village, where
 I heard they were to halt, and rest to-night. 20
 Driving along the causeway newly made,
 A waggon came in view ; heavy, and drawn
 By oxen from the further Rhine, tall, strong
 Of limb, and large, yet to a maid obedient ;
 Who govern'd them with skill that might become 25

A man, tho' she was feminine and fair.
 Her step was firm, for she approach'd to speak,
 Yet graceful : modest was her look, her accent sweet.

It was not always thus, she said; nor have
 We been accustom'd to lament, and ask 30
 For alms : which oft reluctantly are giv'n ;
 But, taught by strange necessities, I plead.
 Behold that straw ; look on the lovely wife
 Of one who yesterday was far from want :
 Oblig'd to fly, tho' seiz'd with labour pains, 35
 Her bed no better, I her only guide,
 These pains just pass'd, for life she struggling lies ;
 The new born infant naked in her arms.
 Slow are our cattle ; urgent are her wants ;
 The village distant ; and our friends, perhaps, 40

Still further fled. Sir, if you have a sense
 Of human woes, and social ties, as sure
 Your gentle looks denote ; and if you can
 Procure such clothing and restoratives
 As may preserve the mother and the child, 45
 Our blessings and our heartfelt thanks are yours.

She ended ; and the wife, piteous and wan,
 Look'd wistfully for aid. 'Tis strange ! Said I,
 Pre-knowledge must exist of human wants ;
 For human safety, sent by gracious heaven ; 50
 This had my mother ! See what she bestows.
 And flew the knots ! And forth the linen came,
 And morning gown ! Poor wanderers ! Did the sight
 Rejoice you ? 'Twas miraculous ! — How is't
 That in affliction only we can see 55

The hand of God, leading the good to good ;

And minist'ring, by man himself, to man ?

'Twas thus, with grateful heart, the Maiden spoke.

Life giving was the wine : life saving were

The robes. We now shall reach the village, cried 60

The Maid : our friends will aid me to discharge

The tender trust, that lies so near my heart.

And oh, the thanks she gave me ; as again

She drove her oxen on ! I paus'd awhile ;

My thoughts in strong debate, or if 'twere best 65

The charities my parents sent should be

By me or her dol'd out ? A maid of such

Amenity, so tender, and so sage !

I had most speed : but she would better know

The truth, and nature, of her people's wants. 70

She must, she will, my heart replied ! And soon

My package I transferr'd; intreating her

To clothe the naked, and to feed the hungry :

Well pleas'd, I added, gentle maid, this trust

Devolves on one whom it so well befits. 75

And not a mean one is it, answered she ;

Nor lightly shall it pass my hands : outstretching

Them, and from mine receiv'd the flasks of wine,

Fresh beer, bread, brown but strengthening, and the full-

Contents of my full chest. Them she arrang'd 80

With tender caution at the patient's feet,

And onward went : and thoughtful I return'd.

Herman ceas'd. The Pharmist, apt at reply,

Continu'd : Happy is the man in day

Of sorrow, flight, and famine, such as this, 85

Round whom, nor wife, nor child, cling in despair !
 Not to be a father is not to be a wretch :
 I feel my single state is now a blessing.
 Flight has indeed been often in my thoughts :
 And then my choicest treasures I have pack'd ; 90
 My sainted mother's coins, and chains of gold,
 All carefully preserved. I found, 'tis true,
 Effects of worth and use would still be lost :
 My herbs and simples, too, gather'd with care,
 Though small of price, I greatly should regret. 95
 But, could I leave them with some trusty Carle,
 Myself and money sav'd, then all were safe :
 The single man flies light of body, and of mind.
 Quick, and with ardour, Herman answer'd thus :
 Of such opinions who, Sir, can approve ? 100

Can he be bless'd who has no friend, or wife ;

No dear companion of the heart, to share

His pleasures, and his pains? Rather to-day,

Might vows of never-ending love, of faith,

In fortune's good or ill, be interchang'd

'Tween me and some fair virgin ; mutual in 105

Affection, passion, sentiment, and soul!

Replied the smiling Host: I'm pleas'd to hear

Thee, Herman, utter thoughts and words so sage.

Eager to speak, the Mother added: True, 110

My Son ! Such were thy father's thoughts, and mine.

Nor was the day we chose a day of joy :

The next it was that follow'd the great fire ;

Which happen'd on the Sunday. Hot and dry

The weather, water was not to be had : 115

The Burgers all abroad, and, seeking health

And pleasure here and there, in hamlet, mill,

And village. From the town's end, where they first

Took rise, the flames spread ; the wind howl'd ; the hay

And standing corn were soon devour'd : the house 120

My father built, facing the one that stood

In place of this—Nay, Sirs, the whole main street,

Up to the market-place, were all a sheet

Of fire. Oh ! 'twas a shocking sight ! We sav'd

But little : this, to watch, that dismal night, 125

I sat on a cold bank, without the town ;

Wearied I dropp'd asleep ; and, waken'd by

The morning damp, I saw the dust, and smoke,

And reeking embers of our town. Alas,

My aching heart ! And yet the sun rose bright, 130

As on another day: And, strange! my thoughts
 Too brighten'd, and my strength reviv'd. I rose
 In haste! 'Tis fit, I said, to see what yet
 Remains: perhaps the pullets, which I feed
 And love, may yet be living: for my heart 135
 Was young, and childish its affections were.
 There I stood, and saw the fumes steaming from
 The ashes of our house; and, facing, thou
 Wert like employ'd; for there thou sought'st a horse,
 Dead, and cover'd by the brands and hot rubbish. 140
 Disconsolate we look'd, both lost in thought:
 But soon thou cam'st, and took'st my hand. Thy words
 I well remember. Jane, why art thou here?
 Thy tender feet may not endure these embers;
 Scorching to mine! And, then, with how much ease, 145
 Me in thy arms thy love o'erstepp'd the heaps

That smok'd, and burn'd, and seem'd to bar the way!

Thy father's gate-way was the sole remain:

Thither was I borne; there receiv'd the kiss

Of love; chaste, taken and given with trembling. 150

Our house lies low, thou said'st; help me to build;

And I will help thy father. Doubtful words,

To me, till thou my parents had'st besought.

But then the festive marriage came; and then

The thought of burning brands could give delight; 155

And never rose the sun in greater glory.

Oh day of terror, and of transport; which,

Returning, gave me thee, Herman! the son

Of my youth!

Wife, said the mov'd father, dear 160

To the memory is the tale; and true.

Our Herman's thought, in one sense, too, is just :
 But, though good is good ; better, wife, is better.
 A rare and special gift it is to rise
 From poverty to wealth : all are not form'd ; 165
 Alike for labor. Happy, then, the son,
 Whose careful father built the house ; whose mother
 Gave it order : he has but to improve.
 Beginning is a task : bare walls are cold :
 Many are our wants : daily their increase ; 170
 Our beggars, now, can wear and scatter pearls :
 And therefore it becomes thee, son, to seek
 A dower'd bride. Gladness and plenty are
 Her companions. Welcome her well-stor'd chests
 Of household linen ; wrought by her fair hands ! 175
 Welcome the loaded casket ; lin'd with birth
 Day, and with Christmas gifts, to gild the house !

When such a bride o'ersteps the sill, the dance
 Is light, the music is divine, the joy
 Unspeakable! How soothing are her thoughts, 180
 While, busied with her maids, the wealthy geer
 She brought is daily counted o'er, and rang'd!
 Then bring me home her peer: for she, who comes
 Empty handed, comes but to meet neglect.
 An age of love is but an hour, beauty a breath, 185
 And man a husband: he but tastes, and cloy.
 Look at yon green house: bring me thence a daughter;
 And freshen my grey hairs: The man is rich;
 Skilful in trade: the flying hours with gold
 Come loaded back. Three are his daughters, fair, 190
 Well form'd, the eldest only yet affianced:
 Do thou be quick, or they will all be gone.
 Had I been thee, I had not lingered thus.

Dost think I should, Wife? No: the one on whom
 I fix'd my eye had long ere this been mine. 195

Respectful thus, in answer to his urgent
 Sire, was the son: these wishes, father, have
 Been once my own. Our neighbour's daughters were
 My early mates; and then we sported in
 The market place, and field, and by the fountain, 200
 Unreserv'd: I their champion, and their guide,
 But virgin coyness grew; and gambols ceas'd.
 Their education good, my friendly calls
 Were frequent: not so friendly were receiv'd.
 The heart ill brooks derision, where it seeks 205
 For love. My simple dress could never please:
 Yet this was my desire. I therefore ap'd
 The sunday powdered shopman; 'quipp'd in shreds,

And silken lappets, from the tailor's hoard.

Th' attempt was vain : they found I had not half 210

A shop-man's sense. I patient bore their gibes;

But not unfelt : and felt the more because

My heart indulg'd a hope to please the youngest.

Last Easter day, not soon to be forgot,⁴

My frock-coat new, my hair trim to the mode, 215

I enter'd ; giggling soon began ; I hoped

'Twas not at me. And down she sat to play

And sing, her father there, of PAMINA,⁵

And TAMINO : I know not who or what.

Asham'd of being mute, I ask'd where liv'd 220

This loving pair ; and when, and what their fate ?

A roar of laughter was the sole reply.

It seems, young friend, you read no story but

Of Eve and Adam ! said the Sire. And then

Once more the laugh burst loud, from girls, and boys : 225

The trader holding both his sides. Confus'd,

And vexed, my hat fell from my hand ; again

Unmanner'd peals began : nor ended song

Or sonate that the titter broke not forth ;

Or rather never ceas'd. Speechless I left 230

The house ; and, drooping, hung my coat upon

The peg, where still it hangs, and tuck'd my hair

Beneath my hat : but never more to cross ⁶

That threshold, with a lover's trembling hopes.

For love can never come, where pertness, pride, 235

And high-bred airs are mimick'd ; while the mind

In petty malice, and in petty arts delights.

Anger with girls, for girls they are, thou should'st

Not hold so long. The youngest loves thee, Herman ;

And, 'tother day, she ask'd me of thy health : 240

Her thou shouldst take. So said the Mother; thus the Son :

I seek a sympathizing heart ; and not

A taunting spirit. Never should I wish

For such a wife, to sit and play and sing to me.

Few are the joys I find in such a son, 245

Retorted the vex'd Host. The stable and the field

Thy haunts, fit overseer of farm house yard,

No inmate for the well-bred or the witty,

What are thy talents ? Number thy exploits !

I hoped for honours from thee, and renown ; 250

But long foreboded how these hopes would end.

Thy mother promis'd thou should'st change, when griev'd

I saw thee sit the lowest in the class,

And not a prize at School obtain'd by thee :

No mark of emulation kindled in 255

Thy heart. Ah ! had my father giv'n me scholarship,

Like that which I've bestow'd on thee, the world

Had seen me wide indeed from what I am !

In silence Herman rose ; mournful, and modest,

While thus the heighten'd anger of his father spoke : 260

Mutinous and obstinate sir, begone !

Look to the house, the vineyards, and the wheat ;

But bring no village slattern here. I've long

Endur'd the haughty airs of guest, and traveller ;

Have bent my spirit to their wrongs, and choak'd 265

The rising gall. My turn is come. Respect,

Obedience, words that soothe, and gentle looks ;

A daughter that well knows each property
 And art of polish'd life ; to play, to sing,
 To draw, to throw the cunning needle o'er 270
 Her fair round arm, and bring the budding rose,
 The myrtle leaf, whate'er the fancy loves,
 Or asks to birth ; all these observancies,
 And such a new companion, I demand :
 For I would spend my latter days in joy ; 275
 And see the rich, the fam'd, and fair, flock round me ;
 Making my house their favourite resort.

The father paus'd a moment ; and the son,
 Gently turning the bolt, glided away.

A daughter that will follow such property
 And art of polish'd life; to play, to sing,
 To draw, to throw the cunning needle on
 Her fair round arm, and bring the bustling train
 The myrtle leaf, what is the fancy love,
 Or else to birth; all these ornaments
 And such a new complexion, I demand;
 For I would spend my latter days in joy;
 And see the ship, the land, and take back round me;
 Making my house their favorite room.
 The father paid a moment; and the son
 Gladly turning the bell, glided away.
 The father paid a moment; and the son
 Gladly turning the bell, glided away.
 The father paid a moment; and the son
 Gladly turning the bell, glided away.

THALIA.



Catel del.

P. Thomson sculp.

*The Son respectfully withdrew from words
Of anger:—*

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+

CANTO

III.

THALIA.

CHAS. A. C.

III

ALBERT

+

THE BURGER.

The Son respectfully withdrew from words
 Of anger ; while, his tone unchang'd, the sire
 Continu'd thus : what is not in the man
 Can ne'er come out. What heart-felt hopes had I
 The Son the Father would excel : but much 5
 I fear this sight will never cheer my soul.
 Shame on the man who, like a fungus, springs
 From the rich earth, and falls and rots just where
 He rose ; nor leaves a trace that he has been !

A house is like a town ; and pleasure must 10
 Be taken to renew, embellish, and
 Adopt what time or foreign arts, may teach.
 The house will show what kind of man the master :
 So will the town the magistrate, and rule.
 For, if decay'd the walls, if filth the streets 15
 Canals and alleys load, if stones, first brought
 To smooth the path, give danger and delay,
 If rotten beams forebode the falling street,
 The town is govern'd ill. Where rulers are
 Remiss, disorderly, and foul in mind 20
 And manners, soon the Burger sits in sloth ;
 Accustom'd to his dirt, as beggars to their rags.
 For this I've wish'd Herman would leave his home,
 And visit far-fam'd cities : Strasburg, Frankfurt,
 And the friendly Manheim, cheerful and fair. 25

He who travels thus, rests not, on return,
 Tho' small his native place, till he beholds
 It better'd. Loves the traveller not the arch
 Well-turn'd, and distant view of tower and church
 Repair'd, the flowing full canal, for trade, 30
 For use, for cleanliness, and, if the fire
 Should rage, for safety, its free waters yielding?
 Passing our town, commends he not these labours?
 Six times have I been chosen town-inspector;
 And six times have receiv'd the thanks of all 35
 My fellow-burgers: zealously my plans
 Accomplishing, and those begun by men
 Less fortunate, though equal in good-will.
 Hence in our Council, emulation rose.
 All prompt to aid, our new-made cause-way soon 40
 Will join the great high road; a useful work.

I fear our sons will lose this public zeal.

To driving, dress, and fopp'ry, some addicted ;

Others inactive, lounging here and there :

And such, I fear, lest Herman should become, 45

The mother, sound of sense, was griev'd

To hear : Ever unjust to Herman art

Thou, husband. Stern reproof will kill the mind,

Sons will vary from their fathers ; and those

Whom God has sent we should accept, and love ; 50

Should teach them all we know, and rest content.

Talents will differ, much, in different men ;

All useful each, but in its proper way.

What heart could bear to hear him rated thus ?

Good as he is ; careful of what, when we 55

Are gone, will be his own ! To youth a pattern,

And to the town an ornament he'll prove ;
 If your harsh words break not his heart, and kill
 His courage, like as we have just beheld.
 So saying, forth she went to seek her son, 60
 And speak him kind, and ease his heart, which was
 Itself all kindness. Dearly him she lov'd ;
 And dearly was her love return'd, and dutiful.

Smiling, as she turn'd her back : a strange tribe,
 These wives and children ! said the Host. They love 65
 To do just what they please ; and then, forsooth,
 A man must praise and bear with all their humours.
 But to our theme. Old proverbs are old truths ;
 Go on, or you go back : therefore, go on.

I much opine with you, the Pharmist answered : 70

Impoverish not the purse, and then improve.
 Such is my rule : but, if this purse be small,
 'Tis folly to pull down ; lest we should not
 Rebuild. The honest Burger's hands are tied :
 The good he knows he cannot execute ; 75
 His calls are many, and his means are few.
 Much I had done, myself, but for the fear
 Of want : for change is costly ; and the times
 Are full of danger ! Windows sash'd, til'd roofs,
 Pillars and paint without, cabinet wares, 80
 Sophas, carpets, and the like, within, such
 Novelty seeks ; and such I've partly wish'd :
 But who can emulate the man enrich'd
 By commerce ? Rarities to him are cheap.
 Look at the facing house : the stucco white, 85
 Voluting green, and new the tiles, and large

The shining sash, where hot the sun-beams fall :
 How bright is that, how dull the houses round !
 Altho', long since the fire, the one I own
 With its Arch-angel, and the Golden Lion, 90
 Stood unrivall'd. My garden was the same :
 How frequent did the stranger stop, and peep
 Between the pallisadoes, red, to see the dwarf
 In paint ; and bearded beggar, cut in stone !
 Ah ! Those were happy times ! 'Twas then I sat 95
 And took my coffee with my guest, or friend,
 In my cool grotto ; falling to decay,
 With rubbish strew'd, and now, alas, no more
 Admir'd, by deep-read mineralogist,
 For corals, ores, and variegated shells. 100
 Nor better fares my painted hall ;² where lords
 And ladies, each in garments gay, were seen,

With taper fingers, gath'ring and presenting
 Nosegays : and, with such a grace ! such low bows !
 So courteous ! so strait-waisted ! so well bred ! 105
 Well dress'd ! with bags, and swords, and lace of gold
 And silver ; every touch so true, so natural !
 Oh 'twas a fam'd and wond'rous piece of art !
 No one admires it now : good taste is gone,
 Or strangely alter'd. Colours must be simple ; 110
 Embellishments the same : the richly carved
 And gilt is interdicted : wood from India,
 Plain, yet expensive, is the mode. Well, Well !
 " Swim with the stream," 'tis said ; and I, like others,
 Would send my stools of oak, my tables, rimm'd 115
 With iron, and my chests and presses, time
 Defying, to the brokers, give me but
 The money and the means to follow fashion,

In all her freaks. But where's the purse can pay

These mode-mongers ? I own it is not mine. 120

I lately thought to paint anew, and gild,

The angel, Michael, and the horrid dragon,^s

On which he treads ; the sign that decorates

My dwelling : but I found the cost too great :

Discolour'd in their dust they must remain. 125

In all her riches - but where's the purse can pay?
 These made-minglers - I own it is not mine.
 I lately thought to paint snow, and gold,
 The angel, Michael, and the world's dragon,
 On which the angels; the sign that denotes
 My dwelling: but I found the cost too great
 To colour'd in their dust they must remain.

Epitaph on a young lady who died at the age of 18.

For as the sun, when he is in the west,

And as the moon, when she is in the east,

So as the sun, when he is in the west,

And as the moon, when she is in the east,

So as the sun, when he is in the west,

And as the moon, when she is in the east,

So as the sun, when he is in the west,

And as the moon, when she is in the east,

EUTERPE.



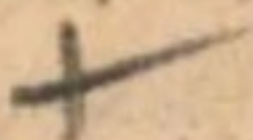
F. Catel del.

J. Neagle sculp

*Behind she came, lightly his shoulder tapp'd,
And as he sudden turn'd she saw the tear
Bedew his eye. —*

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THE MOTHER AND SON.



CANTO

IV.

EUTERPE.

CANTO

IV.

EUERPE

THE MOTHER AND SON.

Conversing thus they sat: meanwhile, upon
The bench before the door, his frequent seat,
The mother hoped to find the son. Not there,
She sought the stable: careful of the well
Bred horse, to see him dress'd and serv'd was one
Of Herman's voluntary tasks. But gone:
The boy had seen him pass the garden gate.
Crossing the spacious court-yard, by the grange,
She thither went; and joy'd to see the growth

Of plant, and shrub, and pear and apple branch ; 10

With ripe fruit loaded : which to pluck in waste

Abundance could not tempt her ; though to stoop

And prop the feeble, rooting the rank weed,

By which 'twas robb'd of food, she not forbore.

If of disorder aught the house-wife sees, 15

She cannot pass it heedless. Herman in

The woodbine arbour was not : nor was seen

Among the foliage, or in the walks ;

And anxious was the mother. The town wall

Limited the garden ; and through this wall, 20

By grant of Burgomaster, kinsman rich,

Of whom the Host was proud, a passage had

Been broke. Herman was doubtless gone to learn

How stood the vineyard ; for the door was open.

And through she went, the dry moat cross'd, and up 25

The path that leads to where the black thorn hedge,
 The fruit, too tempting, from stray pilf'rer, guards :
 And pleasant was the sight ; nor seen by her

Unheeded, or unmov'd. Fleshy and large,

The white chasselas, and the muscadel, 30

Of mingled blue and red, out grew their leaves ;

Nor left their golden hues unseen ; design'd

To grace the board, delighting host and guest.

Beyond, the smaller grape, which soon must fret

And ferment in the wine-vat, hung prolific. 35

The clusters, numberless, and big with life

Inspiring succulence, foretold the joys

The jolly vintage brings ; in song, and dance,

Loud and riotous, dilating the heart,

When plenty mocks at ev'ry fear of want. 40

And then is seen the splendid fire-work, shooting

Its stars to gild the twilight firmament !

And then is heard, from hill to hill, from vale

To vale, transports too great to be contain'd.

Welcome the rustic ancient honours of 45

The season ! ever welcome are its gifts !

Sweet ravings of the mind : and yet ye could

Not drive out Herman's image ; for the mother

Sought the vineyard, by the rough stepping stone

Ascent. The field she travers'd ; and it seem'd 50

He had been there, for in and out-let gate

Were both a-jar : a negligence with him,

Unusual, and denoting perturbation.

Quickened by fear, she call'd aloud her Herman ;

And Echo sent the name, from hill to tow'r. 55

And wall, in sounds degenerate, and deriding

Babble.

Why flies he thus? A son so kind,
 So watchful of a mother's fears! she said,
 And hurried thro' the standing corn; that wav'd
 In air, and gave the beams of day a brighter gold. 60
 Upon the hill, which bounds these family
 Domains, a pear-tree stood; seen far and near;
 Fam'd for its fruit; by what hand planted, no
 Man knew. Beneath its shade were wont to come
 The cow-herd, and the labourer; and sit 65
 Upon the mossy stone, and rest, and take
 Their noon-tide meal: a momentary joy
 She hoped to find her Herman there: nor hoped
 In vain. With folded arms he sat, and gaz'd
 Toward the high and mountainous horizon. 70
 Behind she came, lightly his shoulder tapp'd,
 And, as he sudden turn'd, she saw the tear

Bedew his eye. He wip'd it off; and said,
 With an endeavour'd smile, Mother, you take
 Me unawares. The youth had noble feelings. 75

Weep'st thou, my Son? What cause? What grief of heart,
 Most strange, is thus in solitude devour'd?
 Oh, speak, and ease a tender mother's fears!

And, self-collected, Herman soon reply'd :
 Is there a heart so dead to human woes, 80
 As not to weep in times like these? What man
 Can say he's safe? Who bleeds not, when the land
 He loves is delug'd in her children's blood?
 This morning's sight lay heavy on my soul;
 And forth I came, and view'd these noble heights; 85
 These lordly fields, encumber'd with their fruits :

This day we call them ours ; but whose the next ?

The foe is at our door ! For what are rivers,

Moors, or mountains, to the Frank ; hot in blood,

Restless, and insatiable ? Not are storms 90

Or torrents half so dreadful, or destructive !

In locust clouds they come, from ev'ry end

And corner of their globe ; for we may call

It theirs ; and not their men alone, but boys

Unrazor'd, bald-pated age, rank and size 95

And all distinction lost ; a frantic mass,

Fearless of death, and irresistible.

What coward then would rest at home in sloth ?

Or who can hope to 'scape the gen'ral wreck ?

I blush to think that half our youth, by love 100

Of fame, or want of bread, or other force,

Are hurried to the dreadful field, the hot

Life blood of thousands daily fuming there,

And I stand loitering here at home. True, I'm

An only son ; whose aid my parents want : 105

But better 'tis to combat and be free,

Or fall, than wait and yield myself a slave.

Much is my spirit mov'd ; and strong the wish

I feel, to serve my bleeding country's cause :

For were Germania's youth but wholly rous'd 110

To arms, no foreign foot would dare to tread

And ravage thus her thousand provinces.

To go I am determin'd : he who thinks

Too long, but chooses ill : no more the door

Parental will I enter. I pray so 115

Tell my father ; and let him then decide

Whether alone of farm-house yard I am

Fit overseer; or if from me he yet

May hope for honour?

Gentle tears, and shed

With ease, dropp'd down the list'ning mother's cheek. 120

How chang'd thou art, my son! and why conceal'd

Thy bosom thoughts; which ever have been free,

And freely to thy mother's love confided?

How would another hearer praise thy words,

And thy intents, as noble! I must blame, 125

Who better know thy heart; for doubtful are these words,

Misleading: widely different are thy thoughts:

The drum and trumpet do not call on thee;

Nor on the war-horse art thou vain to show

Thyself, and all thy rich caparisons. 130

Though brave, far other is thy destination:

The duties of the man of peace are thine ;
 And well perform'd by thee and understood.
 Then, tell me, wherefore hast thou spoken thus ?

Earnest the son : Mother, you err ; new days 135
 Produce new thoughts : boys ripen into men ;
 And better ripen oft beneath the shade
 Than in a wild intoxicated world,
 The bane of youth. Calm tho' I seem, within
 My breast there beats a heart that loathes the wrongs 140
 Inflicted on the weak : which are not seen
 Unnotic'd, or unfelt. Inur'd to labour,
 Strong are my limbs ; undaunted are my thoughts ;
 I've ever dar'd the truth defend : and yet
 Truth bids me own, I have, in part, dissembled. 145
 Great is my country's danger, and distress ;

No heart can see them, and remain unmov'd ;
 Yet other cause first gave the thought to quit
 My father's house : a cause I cannot speak.
 Oh, Mother, spare your son ! My hopes are vain : 150
 My life is worthless ; let it end, while yet
 Unblameable. Where concord is not, good
 Can never be.

Think not to hide thy thoughts ;
 For, Herman, I must know them all. Self-will'd
 And angry man admits no remedy 155
 But in extremes. His rashness, when oppos'd,
 Runs headlong on : more pliant woman finds
 A winding or a middle course ; less dangerous.
 Then say, why swell thy veins ? against thy will
 Why mantle thus thy tears, prepar'd to burst ? 160

Unable to refrain, the good youth fell
 Upon his mother's breast, and wept aloud !
 My father's words have struck me to the heart :
 For not to-day, nor any day I liv'd,
 Have I deserv'd such bitterness of speech. 165
 " Honour thy father and thy mother." ¹ Oh !
 Have I not honour'd them ? And do I not ?
 Revere I not that kindness, and that care,
 Which brought me, with such strong and trembling proof
 Of dear heart's love, from child to man ? Among 170
 My play-mates, oft their little wrongs I suffer'd,
 Unresented ; returning not reproach,
 Or blow, for tricks of malice : not so when,
 Coming from church, they dar'd to mock my father ;
 His grave deportment, or his sunday dress, 175
 The sport of ill-bred boys : them I could not

Refrain to chasten into better manners.
 Ever respectful, patient, have I borne
 When, by hot controversy fretted, he
 Among his fellow Burgers in the hall, 180
 Unable to forget his wrongs, has brought
 Them home; wreaking them on me. Well I knew,
 And early, these were tetterers of the mind;
 Which patiently to bear it me became.
 You sagely taught me to remember all 185
 His cares, the good he meant, the good he did;
 How throve the house of which he was the head,
 As well in wealth as in the world's respect:
 But spare frugality, and heaping gold,
 And adding field to field, are not enough: 190
 For other pleasures sighs the youthful heart:
 The son will, like the father, soon grow grey

In endless turmoil ; vain, unprofitable,
 And joyless. Rises man with care ; with care
 He lays him down to rest, if rest he can : 195

These fields are rich in fruit ; these buildings rais'd
 With foresight ; both bespeaking happiness
 And plenty. Happy ! I ? Oh, would I were !
 These buildings and these fields with all their stores,
 Have no such gifts for me. Over the vineyard, 200
 Yonder I can see the small window ; whence,
 By night, I've often watch'd the starry course ;
 And often have beheld the rising sun ;
 These were delights, but are not : once I rested
 There, but now can rest no more : fruitful fields, 205
 And distant hills, and starry skies, the sun,
 Rising in all his glory, none of these
 Can move me now : for, now, my chamber wants

An inmate ; and my heart, forlorn, a friend.

A bride to this lone chamber thou wouldst lead ? 210

That, Herman, is thy wish : to make the night

The sweetest half of life ; the comforter

Of careful day ? And is not this the wish

Nearest thy parents' heart ? And have we not,

Times out of number, and with dear intreaty, 215

Pray'd thee to fix thy choice ? But, well I know,

The heart is calm and vacant, till the maid

Appears, and comes the hour, the happy hour,

And right by Heav'n ordain'd ! And, Herman, come

It is ; or I am much deceiv'd : I should 220

Not else have found thee thus. Then freely speak,

For such emotions cannot be misread,

Who is the virgin that has won thy heart ?

Surely, son, 'tis she, the fair fugitive ?

My good, my kind, my anxious, mother, yes! 225

She, and none else! And if I bring her not,

And if she's suffer'd thus to wander, driven

From all that's dear, a victim of fell war,

A sweet and suffering angel, never can

These fields, with all their fruits, these native haunts, 230

To me so dear, nor the parental hoards,

Gather'd to give renown to children's children,

Nor, what is dearer still, a mother's love,

Nor aught on earth can ever more give ease

To my distracted thoughts: or her, or death! 235

"Father and mother man shall quit, and cleave

Unto his wife:"² then suffer me to go.

Sentence has been pronounc'd: my father's word

Is not to be revok'd: his house no more

Is mine, if her I love may not find favour 230

There, and free admission, with due respect,
And all that friendship, love, and honour ask.

Men stand like rocks, immoveable and proud;
Disdaining kind compliance, and fair words;
Bringing sweet peace. For me, my son, I have 245
Good hope that, tho' the maid be poor, if she
Be worthy found, thy heart may have its wish.
Though choleric thy father, he is kind;
He'll quarrel with a word; but with a word
Will cool. What in his fretful fit he threatens 250
Reason return'd, he scorns to put in act.
But wilful words, and hot defiance, bears
He not: nor are they, Herman, thine to give.
And chiefly after dinner do these thorns
Of temper goad him to petulance: but 255

Mild evening comes, the fumes of wine escape,
 And, then, his open manly heart swells, self
 Indignant at its proper wrongs, and yearns
 To yield redress. Come, then, let us begone :
 Propitious is the hour ; for now he sits 260
 Cheer'd by his friends : and willing they, and glad,
 To aid a rightful cause ; to which what man
 More prompt than is our reverend Pastor ? lov'd
 And honour'd by his flock !

She spoke, and rose :
 Herman, obedient to the kind command, 265
 Follow'd : and silent went they down the steep,
 Ruminating ; nor look'd they once aside :
 For time and thought were pregnant with the future.

POLYHYMNIA.



F. Catel del.

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— And at that moment while
They spoke, enter'd the Mother and the Son.

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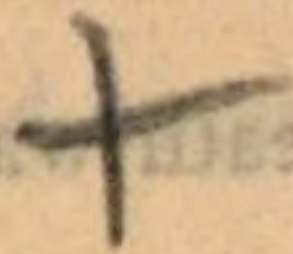
CANTO

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POLYHYMNIA.

ОТНАС

ЛИМОНТОН



THE COSMOPOLITE.

And in the parlour sat th' Apothecary,
 Host, and Pastor; debating friendly what
 Is good and ill? what is the world? what should
 It be? To this the ghostly man, worthy and wise:
 Right well I know, improvement is a duty; 5
 And much for this men strive, or for the new:
 But there's the danger. Habit takes delight
 In what is old. Reason and nature both
 Approving, then are all things good. The wants

Of man are few ; but his desires are boundless : 10
 Yet short his day ; death watches at his door.
 I blame not him who crosses every sea,
 And braves the rude extremes of every clime,
 Daring and diligent in quest of gain ;
 His heart by wealth rejoicing, and his house. 15
 Yet much I love the man of peaceful mind ;
 Who calmly paces the paternal haunt,
 Dear to the soul ; and whose laborious arm
 Expands fertility, and leaves the world,
 Fearless of famine, to repose in peace. 20
 No change capricious he requires : his tree
 Must grow, ere it can branch, and bloom, and fructify.
 Patient, and grave of heart, and pure of soul ;
 These are his gifts. He little sows, and waits,
 By Heaven favour'd, much to reap. His flocks 25

And herds are few : increase must come with time.
 He seeks to be of use ; and nothing more.
 Happy the man by nature gifted thus !
 For he provides for all : an envied honour.
 Nor enviable less the Burger of 30
 The little town ; who mingles trade and tillage :
 For he depends not wholly on the fair
 Or foul of the returning spring, and fall :
 Nor his the cares of gorged Citizen ;
 Whom bankrupt lists affright, and female wants, 35
 Absurd, and family extravagance.
 Be thankful then, my friend, that such thy son ;
 Such his desires ; and such will be the wife
 Of his bosom.

And, at that moment, while

They spoke, enter'd the mother and the son, 40
 Him leading by the hand, husband, she said,
 Regard our Herman well! I found him quite
 Foregone in passion, bordering on despair.
 In frequent talk, how have we hail'd the day
 When he should bring us home a worthy bride? 45
 How oft and long have we debated who,
 And what, and where, the worthy might be found?
 And come it is, the day by Heav'n decreed:
 For 'tis the work of Heav'n, or much I err.
 Our word we pledg'd the choice should be his own. 50
 Great was thy wish his heart might feel no cold
 Or common passion. Granted is thy wish.
 That it uncommon is, be not alarm'd:
 The friendless maiden, from the further Rhine.
 And for its warmth, "or her or death:" such are his words.

Oh grant me her, and life ! A daughter such
As your heart will doat upon : so said Herman.

The father spoke not ; and the Pastor rose :
The life and fate of man hang on a thread :
Determin'd are they in an instant, by 60
A single act : for sudden is the last
Resolve, should years be linger'd in advice.
Nor are the slow in counsel always best ;
Confused is he, who hesitates too much :
For risk may not be shunn'd ; and well to feel, 65
And justly to decide, are special gifts :
Long have I watch'd, and well I know, your son ;
And know these gifts are his : when but a boy,
He laid no random finger here and there ;
He chose with sense, and grasp'd with resolution. 70

'Then be not thou amaz'd, my friend, that these
 Thy earnest wishes are this wise fulfill'd.
 Repine not after fancies of the brain ;
 Which, could we bring them into being, might
 Be torturing fiends. The good by God is sent 75
 Us undisguis'd, which we too oft mistake.
 Therefore in this poor wanderer, although
 Forlorn, behold the maid who first could move
 The heart of Herman ; ever circumspect
 And sage in choice. For bless'd is he whose young 80
 Affections are return'd ; and who, by day
 And night, no secret rankling wish consumes,
 Ungratified, and mining life away.
 The die is thrown ; the undetermin'd youth
 Transforms to sudden man, whose purpose now 85
 May not be shaken : nor this attempt ; lest griefs,
 And "cureless woes," unnumber'd, should betide.

Anxious to speak, and full of thought, the Pharmist :
 Take we a middle course. " Wary in haste :"

Augustus, fortunate in being sage, 90

Made this his maxim. Willingly I'll go,

To serve, if serve I may, a friend so kind,

A youth so good : and youth, when most 'tis wise,

Most profits by the bought experience of age.

The maiden let me question ; and her friends, 95

To whom she's known : for seldom have I been

Deceiv'd by words, or looks ; however bland.

Aye, worthy friend, this honourable task

Be thine ! Herman exclaim'd. I only ask

That every doubt may be remov'd, our much 100

Respected Pastor would afford his aid.

Fear not, my father, lest she should be found

A seeker of adventures ; tempting youth

But to betray ; of virtue destitute.

The common fate of this wild war is her's ; 105

A war, surpassing legendary faith

In dire deeds scattering principalities

And powers ; those sceptres banishing that wav'd

Banishment, till, that persons, thrones, and things,

Sacred and profane, lie overwhelm'd, frantic 110

In confusion, and th' unsound earth is shaken

To its foundations. Pestive are the times :

Evils hew down evils ; too hideous all

For thought, yet striving all for mastery.

Accursed be these mischiefs ! Stigmatiz'd 115

With curses, as it is with horrors, be

This war ; of wars the most detestable.

And, in this day of scourging, would not you,

My father, feel a heart of tenfold life
 Beat in your bosom, when a maiden, pure, 120
 Of mind, of manner dignified, distress'd
 But not debas'd, the best and noblest of
 The virgins of her Land, for so I dare
 Pronounce she is, forgetting all her wants,
 And only passionate to find relief 125
 For throes and pangs which, had she not reliev'd,
 Had struck with death the mother and the child,
 For one so virtuous, so cast forth upon
 The field of danger, tempting in the bud
 Of beauties, such—Oh God! There are none such 130
 Beside!—Say shall not you, my father, find
 Rising fond affections, aching to act;
 Words bursting into extasies, like mine;

And thoughts bewilder'd in the infinitude
Of future good, so far beyond all hope ? 135

Son, art thou lunatic ? Till now so cold,
At least so slow to kindle, whence and why
These flights ; this jargon so incongruous,
Big with improbabilities, and peril ?

The father's fate is mine : wailings and tears, 140

Reproaches, clamours undeserv'd I must

Endure, if I the mother and the son,

She fond and foolish, he perverse and mad,

Shall but oppose. The father has no shield :

With them, the neighbour and the friend take part ; 145

And he must live a tyrant in report,

If, in conviction firm, he no less firm

Remains, and guards them from impending misery.

For me, I'm weak ; I'm mov'd ; I'm lost in doubt.

Bitter would be my life, were I suppos'd 150

The author of my son's unhappiness.

Friends, you mean me well : ready both to go,

And fearless of deceit, you counsel trial :

The will of Heav'n be done ! Let it be made.

Be you inspir'd with all a father's fears ; 155

And more, much more, than such a father's prudence !

Dear to my soul is this my father's love !

Then add a little faith ; nor think your son

Would lightly plant affliction in your heart,

To ease his own. If she be prudent, so 160

Are you : if not, I am the peace destroyer,

But great will be your joy ! it must be great !

I talk too long ; unharness'd are the horses.

Coward is he who dares not trust himself :

To this I pledge all that the soul holds dear ; 165

If these our friends pronounce against the maid,

Her image lives no longer in my thoughts.

Thus, self confiding, self resolv'd, I fly !

And came he to the stall, and took the steed,

Refresh'd by the sweet oat and meadow hay, 170

The shining well-form'd bit loath to receive ;

And ran the reins thro' every silver'd ring.

Not inattentive in his haste to order,

Eye delighting ; and came the horses to

The court, where stood the ready hind and coach : 175

The friends are seated, prance the steeds, the wheels

Rattle under the gate ! Or have the towers,

And walls, or horses, wings ? Herman is on

The causeway ! Heedless he of high and low ;
 Poor obstacle, that might impede a less 180

Expert or less impetuous charioteer.

And come the village tufts in view ; and now

Its gardens, and its roofs, and Herman stops.

Shaded by the large linden, deep of growth

And ancient, near the village was a green ; 185

Spacious and pleasant, and, at evening tide,

The lov'd resort. A dell there was among

The trees : where, duly wall'd and bank'd around

With stepping-stone descent, the living spring

Its waters bubbled, quickening to the parch'd 190

And thirsty lip of summer-heated swain.

Cool, pure, delicious spot ! Beneath this shade

Herman resolv'd to halt : alight, dear friends,

He said, and seek the maid, and make your quest;
 I've none to make ; nor can your wonder mine 195
 Increase : were I but left to act, I soon
 Would learn my fate. Among a thousand her
 You'll know ; for not a thousand nor all earth
 Can show her peer : yet I'll describe her dress,
 Unmatch'd in neatness and simplicity. 200
 Black is her corset, and the facing red,
 Cross laced, o'er which her bosom gently swells ;
 By cambric plaited with a charming skill,
 That modest bosom is conceal'd : her face,
 Of oval form, bespeaks her soul ; for words 205
 Too beautiful : in braids, and silver pinn'd
 Her auburn hair : her kirtle, blue, 3 in folds
 Descends, and half her well-turn'd ankle skirts.
 But what the outward garb ? I pray you go :

Of others question, not herself: nor make 210

Her blush, by word, or hint, or peering eye:

Let them who know her speak: this I intreat.

When satisfied, oh, hasten to return;

For long and weary will the minutes be!

And went the friends; and every shed, grange, court, 215

Or hovel, which had roof that shelter could

Afford, they saw swarming with men forlorn.

The broad high way was damn'd with carrs and carts;

The lowing ox and weary horse unharness'd.

White the spread hedges were, for busy were 220

The cleanly wives: their children sporting in

The brook. And here among the pressing croud,

So difficult to pierce, they keenly sought

The maid describ'd: but found not her who so

Surpass'd the fairest. Great the throng, the men 225

Impatient; apt in contest, and in choler :

They loud in words, the frighten'd women shriek'd ;

And wrangling grew to tumult. Forward stepp'd

A man, respectable in age and grave

Deportment, at whose aspect, rude uproar 230

Died away. Awefully serene he spoke :

Are not our ills yet number'd ? Are they not

Enough ? Or are we dead to sense of wretchedness ?

Must it increase from private brawls among

Ourselves ? If we are men, let manhood blush ! 235

What, shall we harm, instead of aid, each other ?

The Enemy we fled could do no more.

Shame ! shame ! The strife should be who best can suffer,

Who most can give relief.

Silence ensu'd.

Abash'd and calm, each lent a friendly hand; 240

And diligence now took its proper path.

The Pastor having heard and mark'd the man

Of peace and order, him he thus bespoke:

In times, grave sir, when men live undisturb'd,

In self-sufficient ease, sharing the fruits 245

Of ev'ry rich returning month and year,

In these free times, fools deem that they are wise;

And wisdom walks in open day unseen,

So imperceptible her interference.

But let the rough wild day of tempest come, 250

When howl the fiends of mischief, and distract

The vulgar sense, not knowing where to fly,

Crying for safety, meeting nought but danger,

Then comes the sage, in all his majesty !

And, if he speak, the fool is dumb ; and, if 255

He look, or nod, or point, the fool will fly ;

Most happy then if he can but obey.

Oh, sir, how does my soul revere the man

Like you ; the father of the weak of mind,

And vain of heart ; who never till the hour 260

When terrors strange appear, and stupefy

The herd, suspected all their imbecility.

Thus Moses, wot, when clouds rain'd blood, when seas

Were dried, and pillars of fire walk'd the night,

Found Jacob's wilful race might be commanded. 265

These times, replied his people's Judge, for so

He rightly might be call'd, these times, indeed,

Terribly picture forth the worst of those

To Hebrew or to Pagan history known !

Who now but lives a single day lives years ! 270

An hour contains an age ! God, speaking from
The bush, in clouds of fire, or on the Mount,
Spoke not of old more audibly than now !

Much was the Pastor pleas'd ; and more he wish'd
To hear of the sad fate of sage and people ; 275

Which perceiving, the Pharmist whisper'd, stay,
And question this good sire, concerning all
We come to know ; meanwhile, I'll search the throng,
And, having found the maiden, will return ;

Eager again to tell the tale I hear. 280

He said, and soon was lost among the crowd.

To Hebrew or to Pagan history known !
 270 It no more lives a single day than I
 An hour contains an age ! God, speaking from
 The bush, in clouds of fire, or on the Mount,
 Spoke not of old more audibly than now !
 275 Much was the pastor pleas'd ; and more he wish'd
 To hear of the sad tale of age and people ;
 Which perceiving, the Pharisee whisper'd,
 And question this good sire, concerning all
 We come to know ; meanwhile, I'll search the throng,
 And, having found the maiden, will return ;
 280 Hagar again to tell the tale I hear.

He said, and soon was lost among the crowd.
 285

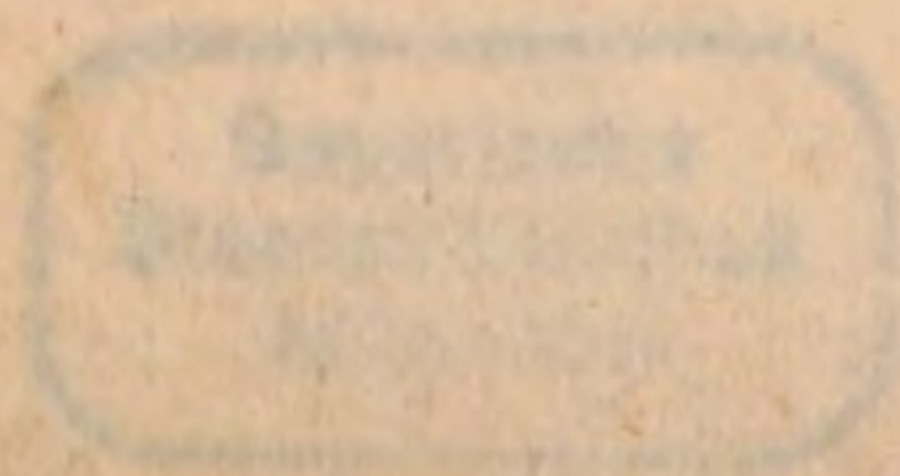
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THE AGE.

And now the Pastor wish'd to hear what had
 Befall'n the tribe, thus driv'n from their abodes ?
 Our sufferings have been long, replied the sire :
 Year after year, the dregs of bitterness were ours ;
 And bitter most because our dearest hopes 5
 Have been deceiv'd. Pow'rs of eternal truth !
 What iron tongue refus'd to hail the light,
 Unhop'd, resistless, and ineffable,

In which at once you rush'd upon the world?

What heart beat not to hear of common rights, 10

Of freedom, life creating, and of equality,

Ador'd of men? Millions began to burst

The bonds of craft, of pow'r insatiate.

What eye but anxious look'd toward the world's

Metropolis? A proud distinction; long 15

Arrogated, now on the pregnant eve

Of gloriously deserv'd. Oh, mighty hopes,

How are ye fallen! Then, in a single day,

And by one blow, the sons of upsprung freedom

Gain'd immortality! Then mind, and power, 20

And speech, were found of men.

The nearest me

And first to catch the flame! Fell war began:

In arms the Frank approach'd, and proferr'd friendship;

Nay brought, at first, and was with friendship met.

How did the soul expand where'er he came ! 25

For planted was the tree of Liberty :

Of peace, of love, of laws omnipotent,

He spoke; while age grew young with joys ne'er felt

Before, and round the tree, which all were proud

To rear, our Youth extatic danc'd ! 'Twas thus 30

Th' o'er weening Frank inflam'd the minds of men ;

And by his courtesy the hearts of women.

Light was the load of war, while hope conceal'd

It's horrors, Oh ! unutterable transport,

When thus the spell-bound tongue, by magic freed, 35

Histories to broad day the wrongs that are,

The rights that shall be, the futurity,

Miraculous in good, that is begun :

Self amaz'd at the prophecies it utters !

Pitied be he, who never had this dream. 40

But how to speak of times that came, and men

Who seiz'd the rule? Men were they? Rather call

Them fiends! Yet man must bear th' eternal stigma,

Branding their hell-born crimes! Wolfish, and like

Themselves, the race they sent; and prostitute 45

Their words and deeds: a villain horde, who, while

They prated friendship, only came to plunder.

None escap'd: rich or poor, the little or

The much we had, they took. Great were our wants;

And daily greater. No one heard our cry. 50

Enrag'd, we flew to arms; and vow'd revenge,

For hopes deceiv'd, and wrongs too long endur'd.

The Frank was put to flight; and then indeed

We felt what havoc wild and horrid war
 Can make. The Conqueror is great, and good; 55
 Or such affects to be: he smiles and calls
 The conquer'd friend; for by this flattery
 He hopes to profit: lawless, pitiless,
 More rank in vice than midnight robber, is
 The flying foe: for, fearing death, he death 60
 Inflicts, or rape, or any other crime
 The raging mischief of his brain can prompt,
 And grins a devil's joy to view the stabs,
 And writhes, and agonies, that he can give.

Demanding blood for blood, in self-defence, 65
 The mass now rose. The never silent bell
 Had frenzy in the sound; for murder rag'd
 The man of peace; the prong and scythe dropp'd blood;

Slaughter was fell, and, deaf to future danger;
 And crimes, at which the brave would shriek and die, 70
 Became the boast of children. Never may
 These eyes again behold man thus deprav'd
 To worse than savage beast! Oh freedom, light
 Of the soul, darling of the noble heart,
 And blessing, without which, no man is bless'd, 75
 No, never may thy sacred name again
 Be pander'd thus to end so damnable;
 Giving thy weak but wicked foes pretence
 To spurn thy pure precepts, mock at thy very
 Being, and tear away thy vital parts! 80

Strong is your feeling; nor your censure weak,
 Yet surely pardonable, sir, replied
 The holy man; for mighty are your sorrows.

Yet you will own that these disastrous times
 Have brought to light the hidden virtues of 85
 The human heart : angelic, pure, and great :
 Enough to show how near is man to God !

With mournful smile the sire : you well remind
 Me, sir, that, when the house is burn'd, men tell
 The ruin'd owner of the precious metals 90

It contained ; which, tho' melted, are not lost :

And then he digs with bitter thoughts ; and yet

He feels a joy at every trifle he

Retrieves. Great the rubbish ; little the gold.

Too dear is virtue to my heart for me 95

To slander her ! Foes have forgot that they

Were foes ; and joined to save the state. And not

Alone the man, mature, but boys, have stepp'd

Forth heroes ; timid virgins, tott'ring age,
 Have mock'd at death, till tyranny has own'd 100
 Its impotence. And much it rag'd to find
 The virtue which it meant to kill, it did
 Create. So has it ever been ; and so
 Will be : men may, but virtue cannot, die.
 Of this the proofs are numberless, and sweet 105
 To recollection : one let me relate.
 To a lone mansion, on a day when all
 The men were call'd to arms, a ruffian band
 Of stray marauders came : no creature left
 In guard but timid maidens, in the bud 110
 Of tender youth : they trembling fled to seek
 The furthest hiding place ; but fled in vain :
 Heated by liquor and by crime, for what
 So heats ? the robbers came, beheld their beauties,

Mock'd at their almost infant innocence, 115

And soon began the attempt of villainy

The most abhorr'd that villains perpetrate.

One noble virgin, firm of mind, resolv'd

To suffer death or shun disgrace, mark'd well

The reeling gait with which the rout advanc'd, 210

Suddenly snatch'd a sword, an act of wise

Though desp'rate agony, and struck the wretch

Who wore it. Cowards, at the sight of blood,

Lose all their fore-thought purposes, and fly;

And so did these, when they beheld her arm, 125

Frantic in strength while she but thought the scene

Thatt hey would act, so quickly rais'd to fall

With: o much force.

And here the tale broke off:

For came the Pharmist full of haste, and drew
 His friend aside : Among the throng I've found 130
 At last the maid we seek ! Your eyes shall judge :
 But bring the man rever'd, with whom you spoke :
 For he can answer all we wish to ask.

They turn'd to look, and he was gone : at such
 A time, the shepherd must not leave his flock 135
 To stray. The anxious Pharmist therefore led,
 And quick the Pastor follow'd, lest the maid
 Might also disappear. Soon came they where
 An open space display'd her full to view !
 Now tell me friend, am I deceived ? Oh, no ! 140
 There is the gown of Indian cotton, flower'd :
 It wraps the new-born infant, neat and warm !
 Her dress, which I remember well, pray note :

Black is the corset, and the facing red
 Cross laid, o'er which her bosom gently swells; 145
 By cambric, plated with a charming skill,
 That modest bosom is conceal'd: her face,
 Of oval form, bespeaks her soul; for words
 Too beautiful: in braids, and silver pinn'd
 Her auburn hair: her kirtle, blue, in folds 150
 Descends, and half her well-turn'd ankle skirts.
 'Tis her, past doubt: we have but now to learn
 If equal excellence adorn her mind.

Attentively the Pastor view'd her charms:

Herman, said he, might well admire a maid 155
 So admirable? What eye could refrain?
 No mean endowment is a beauteous form:
 Welcom'd wherever met. If manners correspond,

'Tis then a certain passport through the world;

Each stranger seeking to become a friend. 160

Happy the youth will be, with such a wife;

In whom the eye and heart can both delight:

For noble is the soul that animates that frame!

Appearances deceive, replied the friend;

I trust them not: for sagely was it said 165

That friendship, love, and truth are tried by time,²

Our part will be to question those to whom

This maid who so enchants all eyes, is known.

Wisely advis'd, for delicate our task:

We woo not for ourselves. But here the Judge 170

Returns, most opportune: him let us question.

Tell us, good sir, for surely you must know,
 Who is that lovely maiden, seated under
 The apple tree, her tender cares bestow'd
 Upon a babe; her form so beautiful;
 Her mien and countenance so prepossessing?
 Speak all you know: for grave the motives are
 Of our demand.

He look'd, and instantly
 Replied: of her I have already spoken: 180
 This is the noble virgin, firm of mind,
 Who snatch'd the sword and struck the ravisher.
 More I can speak, and much; and all in praise.
 What gen'rous duty did she e'er neglect?
 With what a sainted patience did she bear 185
 The fretful humours of a parent; sick,

Aged, and worn to mis'ry by the times !
 How noble was her fortitude, when fell
 Her lover; sacrific'd by tyranny,
 For having openly oppos'd the tyrant, 190
 Whom first he left his native land to aid ;
 By freedom fir'd, and called by her to France !
 Thus spoke the sage : they gave their parting thanks ;
 And took the Pastor from his purse a piece
 Of gold : his silver he before had giv'n, 195
 Among the melancholy fugitives :
 On those who most have need, kind sir, bestow
 This mite ; and God relieve their greatest wants !
 Doubtful, and half refusing, said the sage,
 Of money and effects enough are saved, 200

Among us, to supply the whole, till our
Return : and this, hope tells us, will be soon.

No man, replied the Pastor, should be slow
To give, or backward to receive, at such
A time. Who can foresee the joyful day 205
When he, no more a wand'rer, shall revisit
The land that gave him birth ? His paradise !
Your wants you know not : freely therefore take,
Most worthy sir, that which is freely given.

The Pharmist sigh'd : Oh that my purse were well : 210
Replenish'd ; stranger as it is to coin !
Your people are distress'd ; and much I grieve,
And pity them, and fain would something offer :
Take this tobacco-pouch ; 'twas fill'd to-day :

And would each grain were gold ! 215

With friendly hand,

The Judge receiv'd the pouch : A welcome weed,

Said he, that warms yet makes the mind serene :

We Germans love the calm and soothing pipe : 220

Which habit makes a first necessity.

Much was the Pharmist pleas'd, and thank'd the Sage,

And gave tobacco learn'd and ample praise !

But this broke off the Pastor, anxious to return :

For well he knew the torments of suspense. 225

And soon they came where stood the Youth, reclin'd

Against the shafts, his hand upon the curb,



F. Catel del.

Neagle sculp

*And soon they came where stood the Youth, reclined
 Yet heedless of the stamping horse, and of
 Th' approach of friends: so lost was he in thought.*

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Yet, heedless of the stamping horse, and of
Th' approach of friends ; so lost was he in thought.

Smiling they came, with look of heart's content ; 230

The Pharmist eager to congratulate :

Nor less the Pastor. Joy to thee, young friend,

He said ! sound is thy judgment ; worthy is

The choice thy heart has made. Bestir thee, then,

And to the steed, impatient, give the rein, 235

That we may haste to bring thy treasure home.

This, Herman heard, yet gave no sign of joy ;

But deeply sigh'd, and said : we came in hot

And thoughtless haste : we may return at leisure ;

Rejected and asham'd. The cares that rack 240

A love-sick heart, have all come over me.

Presumptuous fool ! Wherefore did I suppose

That, being rich, she, a poor fugitive,

If only ask'd, was certain to comply ?

Poverty will make th' undeserving proud.

245

Active her arm, content her mind, the world

Is hers ! With manners, beauty, and a soul

Angelic, is she not already pledg'd ?

Have not men eyes, and has she not been seen

Before to-day ? Some happy Youth has won

250

Her heart ; which, should I dare to ask, how low

And humbled in her presence should I stand !

Ready the Pastor was to speak, but not

Permitted. Eagerly the Pharmist, thus :

Time was when men's affairs were managed well: 255

Each in its proper form, and mode, and rule.
 When parents wish'd a son should wed, the Bride,
 Whom they approv'd was sought : a common friend,
 Prudent, faithful, fit for so grave a task,
 Was sent upon the solemn embassy : 260
 And he, oft times, on Sunday, after dinner,
 Her father visited, in proper form.
 At first on things indiff'rent he discours'd ;
 But knew the art to wind, and speak in praise
 Of both the parties ; each so worthy of 265
 The other ; letting thus his aim be seen.
 Replies of no less caution, and respect
 Induc'd him to pursue, or change, the theme :
 And, thus, refusal did not bring disgrace.
 But, if acceptable the match propos'd, 270
 Through life, the skilful friend, by whom 'twas made,

At every household feast, enjoy'd the place
Of honour ; seated next the grateful pair.

But good old customs fall into disuse !

The Boy will ask this awful question now : 275

The Miss will scorn ; and answer no : and then

He stands a crest-fall'n and degraded fool !

Happen what may, replied the Youth, his thoughts

Turn'd inward, deaf his ear, I'll know my fate ;

And from herself : for mild will be her words, 280

And her decision just : Of this my soul

Is confident. Her beauteous eyes once more

I will behold ; and that fine form ;^s which, if

I never must embrace, I never can

Forget ; those lips that sweetness breathe, and love, 285

But which, pronouncing no, pronounce me wretched !

Leave me : home speedily ; and there relate

All you have heard. Go justify the son,

And ease the parent's heart : I pray you, go.

The foot-path by the pear-tree I will take ; 290

And down the vineyard brow. O that I may

Not come alone ! for mournful then each path

On earth, and every step of life, will be.

He spoke, and gave the ghostly man the reins :

Who, soon seated, adroitly check'd the steed. 295

But thou, too cautious neighbour, drily say'st :

The welfare of my soul I willingly

Confide to Gownsmen, reverend friend ; for that

They learn at school and college, how to save ;

But not my neck, when Gownsmen holds the rein, 300

For driving is no branch of school divinity.

At which, good Pastor, thou didst smile, and say;

Be seated worthy friend, and well assur'd

Thy body's quite as safe, with me, as is

Thy soul. My hand expert, my eye is just: 305

For when, at Strasburg, I was daily wont

To charioteer the youthful Baron, through

The streets and sounding porches, to the hills

And distant groves : and ever safely pass'd,

Tho' roll'd the clouds of dust, those multitudes 310

That throng the walks, in which they much delight.

Somewhat appeas'd, the Pharmist heard, and climb'd :

But prudent sat, as one prepar'd to fall :

While ran the horses, hot, and snuffling home,

The hollow earth re-echoing to their hoofs. 315

Long Herman stood ; and saw the dust that rose,

The dust that fell : deep thinking, void of thought.

But prudent eat, as one prepared to fall:
 While ran the horses, hot, and snuffing home,
 The hollow earth re-echoing to their hoofs.

Long Herman stood; and saw the dust that rose,
 The dust that fell: deep thinking, void of thought.

The road, my hand expert, trod as hand yet

For what, I saw, I saw, I saw, I saw

To change the world, the world, the world

The street and country porch, to the hill

And what was there, and what was there

The road, the road, the road, the road

That through the valley, the valley, the valley

Somehow, somehow, somehow, somehow

ERATO.



F. Catel del.

Parker sculp.

*The steps they both descended; down they sat,
Upon the wall; but sat the maid not long:
She stoop'd to lave and Human stoop'd to aid,*

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CANTO

VII.

E R A T O.

CANTO

III.

ERATO.

+

DOROTHEA.

The traveller, that views with stedfast eye
 The setting sun, dazzled and lost in wonder,
 Can no way turn to forest, rock, or lake,
 Or mountain brow, but still, tho' gone, 'tis there ;
 And still its glories tremble to and fro : 5
 Thus Dorothea's mild and heav'nly form
 Beam'd and swam in Herman's path. Long he dream'd :
 But wak'd, at length ; and slowly bent his way
 The village ward. Or dreams he still, or is

Th' approaching vision real? ¹ It is herself! 10

She comes, a jug in either hand, to lave

The living waters of the spring. How beats

His heart! How it reviv'd! Nor less was she

Amaz'd.

Again I find thee, lovely maid,

Active in gentle office of humanity. 15

And why com'st thou so far; while others with

The village waters are content? 'Tis true

Thy friend is sick, and pure this fountain's stream.

Thus Herman spoke: benignly she replied:

Well is my labour, sir, repaid, since I'm 20

Allow'd again to thank the man who sav'd us.

Welcome the giver; welcome was the gift.

Come and behold the good you've done ; accept
The gratulations you so well deserve !

By horses, oxen, men, by linen wash'd, 25

And boys that bathe, by wants improvident,

For this hour anxious, heedless of the next,

The village brook and ev'ry source is troubled :

Therefore I sought this clear and healthful spring.

The steps they both descended ; down they sat, 30

Upon the wall : but sat the maid not long :

She stoop'd to lave, and Herman stoop'd to aid,

And, by the firmament reflected, play'd

Their forms within the waters ; trembling, yet

Approaching ; to smile too timid, yet seem'd 35

As tho' they much desir'd to meet and kiss.

Oh ! Of this soul-creating fountain let

Me drink; the Youth exclaim'd. And gave the maid:
And deep the draught: it was the draught of love!

Silent they sat, each leaning on a jug: 40
Eloquent silence! not to be endur'd,
By apprehensive virgin sensibility,
And Dorothea spoke.

Why came you here,
So soon, so distant, and alone, and how?

Downcast was Herman's eye; but then so soft 45
Her voice, embolden'd, he look'd up and saw,
Oh Gods! a face how guileless and how sweet!
Yet nought of love he there could read; but clear
Intelligence, demanding sound-discourse;

Therefore of love he had no pow'r to speak. 50

He thus began :

Take not offence, kind maid ;

To meet thee once again I came. I live

With tender parents, loving and belov'd,

An only son. Our house is large, their cares

Are great ; the house affairs my mother takes, 55

And these, too burthensome, I wish were eas'd :

I wish she had a zealous friend, whose hand

Not only, but whose heart should act with hers ;

And not a menial but a daughter's part :

For menials, thoughtless, selfish, prone to waste, 60

Have oft but little sense of right and wrong.

It was not strange when first this morning I

Beheld you, so adorn'd, a form so fair,

The skilful arm, the mind so fortified, •
 The heart so teeming with benevolence, 65
 That I should speak of what I saw and felt :
 Or that the hopes should kindle in our hearts
 To gain a sister—daughter—friend—perhaps—
 Pardon my faltering tongue.—Would I had words !

And wherefore not ? mildly the maid replied. 70
 I read your end, for which I'm thankful, not
 Offended : plainly therefore speak, for I'm
 Prepar'd to meet the fortune of the day.
 You wish a servant in your father's house ;
 And think me not unfit, and not too proud. 75
 Sudden the proposal ; and short shall be
 My answer. Servitude is honour, not
 Disgrace, when falling fortunes make it needful :

And fall'n are mine, and therefore must I serve.

The mother and the child require my aid 80

No more : her friends and daughters all surround

Her now, and hope they soon shall home return.

For me, in the dark sorrows of the day,

I but discover days more sorrowful,

More dark, for broken are the social bonds, 85

Only I fear to be renew'd by misery's

Increase. A vagrant woman is the scorn

Of men : the shelter of your father's house,

And mother's care, I willingly accept.

Come, then, receive me from my friends ; whose last 90

Embrace and parting blessing I would take.

He heard, with joy ; and doubted should he speak,

Or should he still conceal his ardent love ?

For on her finger he discern'd a ring :

Dreadful symbol ! And mute he therefore stood. 95

She thus : blam'd is the maid, who loiters by

The fountain's side ; tho' lovely is the place.

And in the limpid mirror once again

They look'd ; and sweet forebodings thrill'd their veins.

In either hand a jug she took, and went. 100

Anxious the burthen Herman ask'd to bear ;

But she replied, the master must not serve

The servant. Serious is your look ; severe

You think my fate : but such are woman's duties.

We learn to govern, having learn'd to serve. 105

And serve the sister must, and come, and go,

And wait on brother, parent, guest, and friend,
 With ready hand and chearful heart ; no road
 Too rough, no hour too late, no work too coarse :
 Herself forgot, for others must she live. 110

Become a wife, her labours multiply :
 Sickly herself, the sick she must console ;
 On feeble couch, the feeble babe must feed ;
 And watch by day, and wake and weep by night ;
 No limits have her toils, no end her cares : 115

Not twenty men could them support ; nor should
 They : but, they should acknowledge woman's worth.

And thus discoursing, came they where the babe
 And mother lay ; her heart at ease, for round
 Her were her daughters ; those whom Dorothea 120
 Rescu'd : and as they enter'd, came the Judge,

In either hand a child, lost in the croud,
 Recover'd by the sire. How sprang they to
 Their mother's arms ! How danc'd they round and kiss'd
 And welcome to their new-born brother gave ! 125
 Nor eager less to kiss their Dorothea,
 And bread demand, and fruit, and first to drink.
 Round went the jug ; and drank the children, drank
 The mother, drank the daughters, drank the Judge :
 And prais'd, by all, the water ; pungent, clear, 130
 Quick'ning to the taste, healthful to the heart !

Waiting her time, at length, thus spoke the maid :
 My dear and cherish'd friends, we now must part :
 The living spring for you no more I lave :
 But when in heat of day you drink, and sit 135
 Beneath the shade, and view it gush, and flow,

Then think of me, and of my friendly services;

Prompted still more by love than parentage.

While life remains, your love I'll not forget.

Bitter your burthens, scant your means, my stay 140

Would injure more than aid, while thus oblig'd

To roam, forlorn, uncertain of return.

This Youth, who brought the hungry, food, and cloth'd

Your babe, by parents sent, is come to ask

My service. Their protection much I need. 145

Base are the lusty and the lazy ; well

Able to serve, and sitting to be serv'd :

'Tis fit I follow where my fortune leads.

Worthy we found the son ; and worthy sure

The parents will be found, adorning wealth : 150

So take a last farewell ; and when you joy

To clasp the smiling babe, and view the robe

In which he's cloth'd, retracing our distress,
 Remember then by whom it was reliev'd.
 Friendship and kindred were my claims with you. 155
 With him and his, new claims I must create.
 You, as a father, I revere, and thank.
 And so she ended, turning to the Judge;
 And kneeling then to kiss her weeping friend;
 Who scarce had pow'r to pray that Heav'n might bless her.

And thou, good Judge, the youth addressing, said'st :
 I hold thee for a man of sense, young friend ;
 And sage and cautious, in thy house affairs.

When men would buy a horse, they scrutinize
 With long and anxious care : but inmate for 165
 The family, who must be friend or foe,
 They take by chance ; and then repent too late.

Not so you choose : one of ten thousand have

You found. Know her as such ; and so behave :

For, while your friends are bless'd with her, in her 170

Have you a sister, they a daughter gain'd.

While thus they spoke, relations crouding came ;

Eager to ease a nursing mother's wants ;

And heard the tale, and Herman bless'd and look'd

With curious eye, while whispers went from ear 175

To ear :—" A handsome pair ! Bridegroom and bride

" They seem ! And who can say ? Or who could blame ?

" Or who could wish but that it might be so ?"

Taking her hand, thus Herman said : the day

Grows late ; and, so far to go, we must be gone. 180

And then, with female friendly clamour, hung

They round the maid, and kiss'd, and Herman dragg'd;
 The children clung, and cried; and only were
 Appeas'd by tales of promis'd cake, and fruit,
 And quick return of favour'd Dorothea: 185
 So broke she loose, at length, with Herman's help,
 From many a parting kiss; and handkerchief
 That wav'd farewell, with many a tear bedew'd.

MELPOMENE



F. Catel. del.

Heath. sc.

*Quick as the flash that dove the sky he caught
Her in his Arms.*

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CANTO

VIII.

MELPOMENE.

CANTO
VIII.
MELPOMENE.

Stand on the Rock that shows the way to safety
When you are in a storm.

—

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HERMAN AND DOROTHEA.

So went they, with the sinking sun ; which, deep
 Below the black horizon, shed its rays,
 While here and there a flash of Lightning shot ;
 Livid, portentous of the rising storm.
 From the wild havoc of destructive hail, 5
 From mountain torrents and devastated fields,
 Shield us kind Heav'n : for rich the promis'd harvest !
 Thus Herman pray'd ; while both rejoic'd to view
 The waving corn, that almost over-topp'd

The stately pair. Of you, whom now I make 10

My guide, said Dorothea to the Youth,

Of you, now leading me to house and home,

While friends and kindred, ah, heart-wringing thought!

Wander the earth, poor, storm-drench'd fugitives,

Of you I ask advice! Intent with heart 15

And soul to please, oh teach me how to win

Your parents' love? for easier is the task

To serve, if we but know the will, the laws,

The passions, nay the whims, of those who rule.

Eagerly he : most admirable maid! 20

Capacious is thy mind; thy foresight, sage.

Without this caution, ne'er should I have gain'd

My father's love: tho' daily are the cares

Of these surrounding fields and vineyards mine.

My gentle mother soon will know your worth, 25
 Active you are, nor can you move a hand
 But she will mark its aim ; and every aid
 Will knit you stronger to her heart. Forgive
 Me, while I speak more freely of my father :
 Never before my tongue has dar'd such speech : 30
 But thee I trust, for thou canst understand.
 'Tis not enough, with him, an act be right ;
 But something of submission, of respect,
 Obedience, kindness personal, he loves.
 A slighter service, so adorn'd, will please 35
 Him more than, wanting this, a greater would ;
 Which latter he might scorn, or even hate.
 I've earnest hope to gain them both, the sweet
 Companion said, quick'ning her light elastic step ;

For dark became the path. Your mother's kind 40
 Compliance much I love : for, from my youth,
 I've noted well the magic charm that lives
 In winning courtesy, and manners mild :
 And once the neighbo'ring Frank of these could boast.—
 The noble, citizen, and peasant, all 45
 And each, made courtesy their custom : nor
 The German has been blinded to its worth ;
 And, came the children, every morn, and kneel'd,
 And kiss'd the hand, and holy blessing begg'd
 Of parent ; much lov'd, honour'd, and obey'd. 50
 Thus was I taught ; and all I learn'd, and all
 My heart can teach, I'll practice, hoping well.
 But you, sir, question of no less import,
 To you, son of the house, my future master,
 Inform me how to you I must behave ? 55

She ended thus, as came they to and sat
 Beneath the pear-tree. Glimm'ring twilight gone,
 Solemn night prevail'd : lovely shone the moon,
 Breaking beneath the clouds with thunder big :
 Contrast sublime, of streaming light and deep : 60
 And massy dark ; that roll'd obscurity,
 Hiding the face of Nature as it spread,
 As if in death ! And here, where he so late
 Had felt the big tear rolling down his cheek,
 Herman heard the friendly and kind demand ; 65
 And answer'd thus, taking her lovely hand :
 Oh follow but the feelings of thy heart !
 He paus'd—it was the hour and place of love,
 Yet durst he not proceed ; for, ah ! the ring

He touch'd, and frozen was his tongue. Awhile, 70

Mutual the silence ; she the first to speak :

How beautiful these momentary gleams

Of light : over the town it breaks, and on

Yon window ; where its beams reflected play.

That is a window in my father's house, 75

The youth replied ; it lights the chamber where

I sleep, which haply (and he stammer'd) may

Be yours ; for much of change we meditate.

To-morrow, when we reap these ripen'd fields,

We take our meal and rest beneath this tree. 80

But now descend we thro' the vineyard quick ;

For deeper lours the sky, and hid the moon,

And flash the lightnings nearer much, and oftener.

The terrors and the beauties of the night

Admir'd, onward they went; envelop'd by 85

The thick and towering vine, and demi darkness.

Rough was the path, of stones unhewn the steps,

And careful trod the maid, his arm her stay.

But came it total dark, the road unknown,

And turn'd her foot, and fell she on her knee, 90

Quick as the flash that clove the sky, he caught

Her in his arms: acute the pain, she sank

Upon his shoulder. Breast to breast, and cheek

To cheek, they stood: with passion panting he,

Yet marble not more motionless: so much 95

He fear'd offend her chaste and virgin sense:

But tasted was her balmy breath; and felt

The beating of her heart; while pleasure rush'd

Thro' every fibre of his trembling frame,
That bore the noblest burthen love could lay. 100

Recovering soon, she faintly smil'd, and said:
To stumble at the threshold is, we're told,
Most ominous: but proverbs are not truths
Of holy writ. We'll halt a moment, lest
Your parents blame your judgment; having brought 110
No useful, but a limping, maiden home.

+

CANTO

IX.

URANIA.

That every part is his remaining love,
That here the noblest virtues have found rest.

Best parting words she said, and said no more.

CANTO

To be sung at the death of a noble man.

Most excellent, but precious words were these.

IX.

Of her who was the first of her kind.

URANIA.

Ye gods, ye goddesses, ye powers of heaven,
No mortal words can tell the things that I have seen.

URANIA.



F. Catel del.

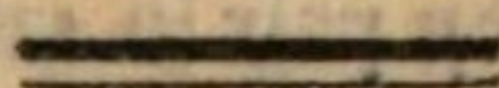
Anker Smith sculp.

— *Be ye betroth'd.*

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THE PROSPECT.



Muses who love the lover, who, with sweet
 Complacency, as fortunate as faithful,
 Have thus far been our Herman's guide, and ere
 His troth was pledg'd have giv'n the virgin to
 His arms, complete your work ; disperse the clouds, 5
 With danger black ; and lead us, safe and soon,
 By gentle steps, toward the parent home.

Anxious the mother twice and thrice return'd

Where sat the guests ; and griev'd the absence of
 Her son ; the darken'd moon, the coming storm, 10
 The dangers of the night ; and blam'd the friends
 Who not bespoke the favour of the maid,
 Nor brought the happy pair in safety back.

Complaint is vain, replied the Host, not pleas'd :
 Nor less suspense is ours, nor less anxiety. 15

To this the Pharmist, calm, and passing sage :
 When men I see, tormented by suspense,
 It well reminds me of my sainted sire ;
 Who so uprooted all impatience in me, when
 A boy, that now I sit, not Socrates more calm, 20
 And wait th' event.

Would you could tell the means!

The Pastor smiling said.

Apt at retort,

The Pharmist thus: I can, and will; for they

May be of profit, sir: a Sunday, once,

The coach expecting, and the promis'd ride, 25

Impatient grown, restless, no squirrel more,

I went and came, and toss'd, and turn'd, and scratch'd

The table, stamp'd the foot, and pouting 'gan

To whine, but still my father sat, till came

My passion to its height; then calmly took 30

My arm, and to the window slowly led.

A joiner's shop there was; and there he pointed:

Thou seest those workmen, boy? The saw and plane

They daily drive: they ride no coach; they spend

No idle hour. And know'st thou their employ? 35

They make the narrow house that holds the dead;

And ev'ry day have work enough thou seest.

Thou little think'st, altho' 'tis true, the time

Shall come when they shall early rise, and late

Shall work, to make thee thine : and patient thou 40

Wilt wait ; and never more wilt cry to ride.

And plain and quick my youthful fancy caught

This imag'd house : I saw the serge, the cross

Bones, and the skull ; and heard them drive the nails

That shut me out, for ever, from the world. 45

From that time forth, while others are disturb'd,

I calmly sit and think upon the coffin.

Mildly the Pastor said : the wise can look

On death, devoid of terror ; and the pious

Without despair. The first, by death, are taught 50

To live ; the last, to die : for death, to both,

Is but new life. Nor should the father teach

The son that death is death, and nothing more ;

Progress he should behold, from boy to man,

From man to trembling bald decrepitude ; 55

And then, th' eternal circle made complete,

How this life ends in life that endeth not.

But broke they off ; for now open'd the door,

And enter'd, unthought of, not unexpected,

Bride and bridegroom. Amaz'd was every eye ! 60

The raptur'd parents saw their son was not

Disparag'd. Noble pair ! Too small the door

For such an entrance ; too unseemly ! Brief,

And modest, Herman spoke, the maid presenting :

Look, sir, and judge if I have been deceiv'd. 65

Oh give her welcome, such as she deserves.

You, dearest mother, soon will know her worth;

In every word, and act, and gesture seen.

In haste he took the Pastor then aside :

Confus'd my thoughts, I cannot speak : oh help 70

Me, worthy friend, and cut the Gordian knot !

I have not dar'd to tell her of my love :

She thinks she comes to serve ; and, should I speak

Of love, and marriage, might she fly the house.

My doubts and fears are not to be endur'd ; 75

Nor should she longer rest in this mistake :

Then haste, most honour'd sir, and give us aid.

And turn'd the Pastor to the task : but, ah,

Already had the Host, with ill-tim'd raillery,

Altho' well meant, the nice and trembling sense 80

Of Dorothea wounded, unawares;

Thus had he spoke.

My child, thou pleasest me!

In faith, right glad I am, that Herman has

His father's taste; for, ever in the dance,

The handsome, nay the handsomest, I chose. 85

And so when I would wed: dame, did I not?

And right I did: for, in the wife, we read

What sense the man has of his proper worth.

You've soon concluded matters, tho'! Ay, ay!

You had an eye! No ten years siege was wanting! 90

Imperfect, Herman heard; yet heard enough

To shudder. Silence, for a moment, reign'd.

But Dorothea, struck by mockery
 So unexpected, felt the rising blush
 O'erspread her beauteous cheek, and agitated 95
 Bosom : altho' its heaving she restrain'd ;
 She spoke, not wholly hiding what she felt :

Sir, when your son describ'd his father, kind,
 And good of heart, such jokes I little thought
 To hear. I stand in presence of a man 100
 Acknowledg'd sage, of courteous intercourse ;
 And yet methinks, one, out-cast from her home,
 Helpless, and poor, and coming here to serve,
 Would have been spar'd, only that you forgot,
 How much my lot is cast below your son, 105
 And you, derision needed not to make
 Me feel : my wealth in little compass lies ;

Purvey'd are you with all that heart can wish ;
 And this I'll bear in mind, and so behave.
 Yet, this way warn'd, I'm almost bid to quit 110
 The house, which but a moment since I enter'd,
 Herman, in dread, most earnestly intreats
 The Pastor's intervention; to disperse
 The cloud that threats destruction to his hopes,
 The friend advanc'd, and saw the features calm'd, 115
 The pang subdu'd, the swelling tear restrain'd.
 Inward he said : The chance is fortunate
 To learn the state and feelings of her heart ;
 And thus ambiguous spoke :

Thou hast not well
 Consider'd, lovely stranger, all the proofs, 120

And pains, requir'd in servitude, I fear.

Thy word once pledg'd, thou art no longer free :

Gentle obedience then becomes a duty.

Nor weary steps, nor rude fatigue, nor bones

That ache, nor aught must shake thy fortitude. 125

The master takes his part, and will complain,

And orders contradictory will give :

The mistress more, with less of justice, too :

And, most of all, the children ; captious, rude,

Indulg'd in ev'ry whim ; and yet no work 130

Must be neglected, nor a murmur heard.

Feeling a simple jest, as thou hast done,

Thou'lt scarcely bend thyself to bear so much.

A jest, supposing love, and for a Youth

So handsome, scarcely could be taken ill ; 135

For common practice robs it of its sting.

The noble virgin could not now contain :
 But heav'd her bosom, sobb'd her heart, and tears
 Gush'd streaming from her eyes. Collecting all
 Her powers of soul, she said : How little, cool 140
 Advice can understand th' afflictions, fears,
 And feelings, it pretends to sooth ! Unwring
 Yourselves, you think it strange to find the gall'd
 And sickly heart so nice of sense. Deceit,
 Unworthy in itself, would bring no cure ; 145
 And evil would increase from weak delay :
 Permit me go : I dare not here remain :
 The wand'ring friends I left, again I'll seek,
 And share their fate ; more fortunate than mine.
 Year after year, I might have drunk my tears, 150
 And borne my silent sorrows, unreveal'd.
 Deep in my heart has sunk this seeming jest ;

No jest to me ; and not from pride of heart,
 Which ill becomes a maid, but from the soul
 Alarming truth which it contains. I feel 155
 And speak with pain, I own ; but well resolv'd.
 I'm told I follow'd soon ! I had an eye !
 The charge is just : to reason I was blind ;
 But, ah ! to love, I had both eye and heart.
 In our distress, a saviour had appear'd ; 160
 And every virtue thought can image, liv'd
 Within his form : it swam before me ; nought
 But that I saw. O happy maid ! said I,
 Whom he has chosen : if the choice be made ?
 Again we met ; again he God-like seem'd ; 165
 And, when he ask'd, how willingly I went !
 For fond and foolish thoughts came o'er my mind :
 How zealous and how faithful will I serve,

Said I ; and, who can tell, in time, I may
 Become the mistress ? Dangerous the thought ! 170
 The distance vast, between a friendless maid
 And wealthy heir ! Haply you think this free
 Confession, strange : I feel it due to truth,
 And to myself ; guileless, however weak.
 This heart perhaps had broke to wait, obey, 175
 And serve, and smile upon his future bride.
 Glad to be warn'd, and glad to have escap'd
 Evil that might have been incurable,
 I stay no longer here ; asham'd, confus'd,
 And self condem'd. Thick night and gushing rains, 180
 Thunders that roll, and elemental fires
 That flash, I'll rather brave. The times are full
 Of strife : I'm taught to conquer maiden fears,

By trials such as maidens seldom meet :

And so farewell ! farewell ! May every good, 185

All bounteous Heav'n can give, be shower'd upon you !

She spoke, and rush'd toward the door ; and rush'd

The mother. Tell me what this means ? she cried,

And clasp'd her fast ; amaz'd at all she heard !

Why dost thou weep ? why wouldst thou go ? 'Tis strange !

It must not be ! To Herman thou'rt betroth'd.

Heart vex'd, the father stood ; and thus complain'd :

So thus at last my yielding is repaid

With what I hate ! For nought on earth to me

More hateful is than wailing woman's tears ; 195

Confusing mind, and making reason mad.

The strange romance conclude among yourselves ;

I'm weary of the scene, and will to bed.

And turn'd he tow'rd the honour'd marriage couch.

Where he had ever slept ; but him withheld 200

The son, who thus in agitation spoke :

Oh, go not thus, in anger, sir ! The wrong,

Not hers, is mine. Our friend, the Pastor, can

Explain ; which sure he will, and soon, or less

Should I admire him, sage, benevolent, 205

And just, could he delight the pain, mistake,

And dangerous confusion, which his words

Have caus'd, another moment to prolong.

The Pastor smil'd : and have I not been sage ?

And know you not this lovely maiden's heart ? 210

Are not your trembling fears to rapture chang'd ?

Speak for yourself ! what need of foreign aid ?

Herman approach'd : oh suffer not, sweet maid,

These precious tears to flow : regret these pangs

No more ; since they, extatic thought, were felt 215

For me ; for thy love cannot equal mine !

A servant ? No : I came to seek a bride ;

But, ah ! my timid heart, unable thine

To read, when met we at the spring, durst not

Avow its hopes : but, while thy beauteous form 220

Seem'd mine to greet, as play'd they both within

The chrystal mirror, how it joy'd in thy

Consent ; tho' 'twas but partial happiness.

But now, oh, speak again ! Let me be sure

My ears were not deceiv'd !

Modest she turn'd : 225

And met their tearful eyes ; and met their chaste
And trembling lips. O'erpow'ring was their bliss !
Being thus sanctified, and thus secure,
Their ardent youthful hopes made it eternal.

The Pastor having first explain'd, up came 230

Dorothea : and came with such a grace,
So mild, so sweet, with such endearing courtesy
And daughterly respect ! and kiss'd the half
Unwilling hand of the but half-forgiving Host ;
And thus she pray'd. Oh, much respected sir, 235
Pardon these tears, wrung from me first by grief,
And flowing now with joy ! Your anger by
Mistake I caus'd : oh, may I never cause
It more ! I came to serve ; and serve I will,

With all a happy daughter's zeal and faith, 240

The debt of love most eager to repay :

But, ah ! too mighty e'er to be repaid !

The melting Host his tears conceal'd ; but gave

The warm affectionate embrace : and still

More warm thy kiss, kind-hearted Hostess, weeping 245

Upon thy daughter's shoulder, hand in hand.

Then took the father's hand in friendly haste,

The man of God ; and drew, but not with ease,

The ring from round and well fed finger off :

And drew the mother's, eke : Be ye betroth'd. 250

He said ; since mutual is your love, by both

Declar'd ; and may these rings unite a pair

As faithful, fortunate, and kind, as those

By whom they have been worn ! Present this friend,
 And with your parents free and full consent, 255
 Now, and for ever, you remain affianc'd.

The Pharmist bow'd and gratulations gave :
 But notic'd, by the Pastor, was the ring,
 Which Herman's fears had rais'd. Somewhat surpriz'd,
 How now, fair maid, said he ! Betroth'd already ? 260
 When we appear before the Altar, let
 Us hope we shall not meet two bridegrooms there ?

Calmly the maid replied : To him, from whom
 This token I receiv'd, oh, let me drop
 A tear ! A tribute which his mem'ry well 265
 Deserves : for high his thoughts, noble his heart,
 And glorious his intent. Freedom he lov'd,

For freedom fought, for freedom fell : not in
The field, but by the villain tyrant's hand.

To Paris going, these his parting words : 270

On earth, all is commotion, all is strife :

Laws are disolv'd, kingdoms overturn'd, and love

And friendship, waiting the dread issue, are

Oblig'd to pause. When shall we meet again ?

For go I, may be, never to return. 275

'Tis justly said, man's but a stranger, here,

On earth ; and never more than now, for now

Is nothing permanent : wealth has new wings :

The precious metals melt ; lost are their sainted forms :

Creation, tumbling in confusion, seems 280

" To chaos and old night " returning, but

To be anew created. Live for me,

Awhile ; and if we're doom'd again to meet,

'Twill be upon the ruins of the world !

Creatures new form'd and free, fearless of fate ! 285

What can he fear who such a day survives ?

But, should I not escape, destin'd to taste

Those joys the chaste embrace can give no more,

Oh, be my mem'ry not forgotten quite !

Nor yet too bitterly my loss remember'd ; 290

But equal be thy mind to every chance.

Should new abodes and other bonds be thine,

Thankful accept what happy fortune sends :

Pure love with love as pure return : yet do

Not lightly set thy foot, where second loss 295

May be too mighty for thy heart to bear.

Bless'd be thy fortunes ! But esteem not life,

Except as other worldly remnant shreds ;

Which are but trifling, all, and transitory.

Such the last words of him who came no more ! 300

But new misfortunes came, and these last words

I never could forget ; remember'd, now,

Prophetic of my present sudden bliss :

Unmerited, yet most ineffable !

Nor blame me, dearest friend, that, trembling thus, 305

I lean upon thee, for support : or that,

Like sea-sick passenger, to me, " the sound

And well set earth," just now appears to reel.

The rings she plac'd, as mate with mate : then spoke

The Youth ; manly of mind, generous of heart: 310

While all things totter, stand we fast ; confirm'd

In faith and love ; nor loose the grasp of good.

In troubled times, if troubled be the mind,

Then dire disaster spreads, and mischief reigns :

Averted by the sage, and firm of soul. 315

The world is his who knows to rule the world.

Become not stagg'ring thoughts Germania's sons !

What's ours, for us, and ours we will maintain.

If we admire the men, who arm in self

Defence, their valour let us emulate : 320

For we no less have gods, and laws, and wives,

And helpless families, for whom to die.

Possessing thee, tenfold endear'd the rest :

And thee, and these, and all, not with complaint,

But arms, and hardihood, I will defend 325

Against the foe ; should he repeat assault :

My heart assur'd that thou, mean while, wilt care

And comfort give, to these my honour'd parents.

But, oh, may War, worthy alone of fiends,
 Be soon and evermore of men abhorr'd ! 330
 And then sweet peace, and all its boundless joys,
 Shall make this poor distracted earth a heav'n !

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NOTES.

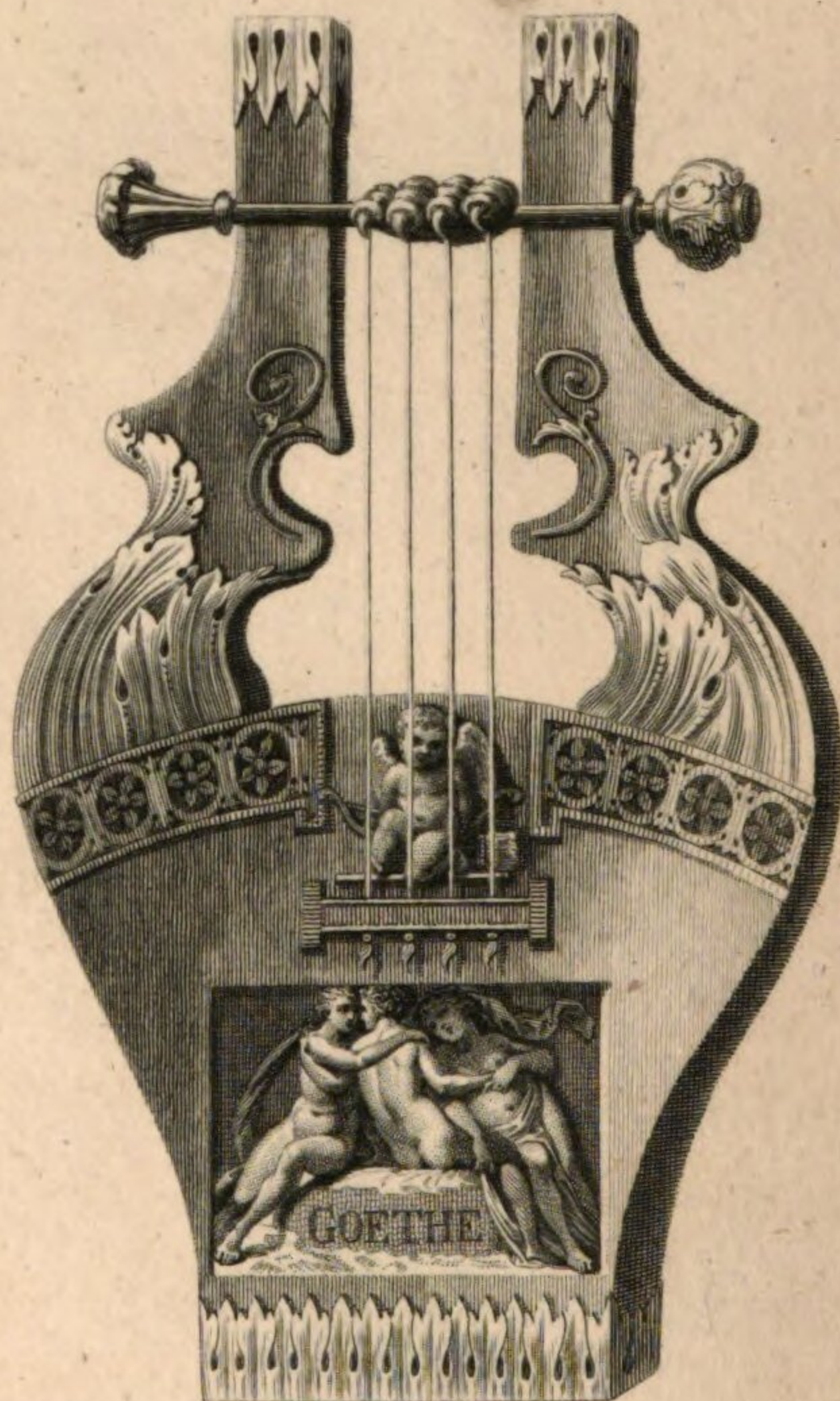
My dear
My dear
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My dear

NOTES



J. Neagle Sculp^t.

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NOTES TO HERMAN AND DOROTHEA.

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CALLIOPE.

Note 1. Line 22. "So discoursed, &c."

In the character of the Host, the original contains many traits that are scarcely reconcileable to an English Landlord of an Inn: I have, therefore, occasionally made little alterations; partly in conformity to our manners, and sometimes to what may be called poetical feeling, or dignity. Every one, however, who reads the original and has travelled through

Germany, will acknowledge the truth of the drawing. Compared to the English, the German Innkeeper pays but little attention to his guest: when he exercises the most friendly familiarity, he is supposed, by himself and his countrymen, to be the most civil; and seldom submits to reproof without resentment, unless it come from a man in office, or of rank. He conceives he is in the true spirit of his occupation when he shakes hands with the traveller at parting, bids him adieu, and adds—*Rommen sie bald wieder*: “come again soon.” He is generally both Farmer and Innkeeper, and a man of some importance, in the place where he resides: of which his manner shows he is conscious. This consciousness is well portrayed, and never forgotten by Goethe.

Note 2. Line 33. "An old favourite, &c."

India Cottons are so frequent in England, that they excite little attention: in the interior of Germany, they are what the Host, with such truth and simplicity of regret describes:—*Echt Ostindischen stoffs*; so *etwas kriegt man nicht wieder*.—Literally: "right East-indian stuff; such as cannot be replaced."

Note 3. Line 58. "In his new Landau."

The original reads—*Im geöffneten wagen: er war in Landau verfertigt*.—"In an open carriage, made at Landau."—*Wagen*, or waggon, is a generic term; synonymous to the English word carriage: but most people, who have heard of the manners of Germany, have been told of the custom of riding in the *stuhl wagen*; which is an open four-wheeled carriage,

long but narrow, with seats placed in rows, each behind the other, so as frequently to contain twelve or fifteen people. Though not quite so heavy, many of these waggons are more rudely built than those our common farmers use: others however are light and neat; and, in the summer season, are incomparably more pleasant than a close coach: which rather resembles a cell than a vehicle intended for the enjoyment of fresh air, health, and the scenery of nature. But habits are inveterate; and are every where pursued to excess. The English encage themselves, and exclude both the beneficial and the beautiful: while the German, slowly dragged over or rather through roads that are all but impassible, sits exposed in an open *stuhl wagen* to every intemperance of the seasons, in a rude northern climate. The contrasts and the con-

traditions in national character are remarkable. The German is hardy, yet comparatively inactive: while the bold and enterprizing Englishman, having obtained the wealth for which he ventured, often sinks into a minute and timid delicacy; while seeking to enjoy the pleasures the desire of which made him so intrepid.

Note 4. Line 70. "The Pharmist first began," &c. Having no authority for the use of the word Pharmist, I am obliged to plead poetical licence, and the necessity of the case. To have used the epithet Apothecary, every time this character is mentioned, would have been no less cumbrous in the verse than offensive to poetical diction. Our old poets would have disdained to have apologized for such an innova-

tion : and how has the language been enriched, by the inventive daring of their genius !

Note 5. Line 76. "Hurries to glut," &c.

Those, who shall compare the translation with the original, will meet with occasional deviations from the author. A poet never can be translated with any due degree of the enthusiasm with which he wrote, unless the translator excites in himself the same kind of ardour. He will then, while he breathes the spirit and the feeling of his author, generally forget his author's words. The excellence of all translations will indeed rather consist in the feeling and the spirit than in the words. A translator will inevitably so often fall below the original, that he may surely be pardoned, should he find fortunate

opportunities to heighten the picture. He will not honour his author by being too much his slave; though continual attempts to be his equal are but continual disappointments: at least, such honours are rarely attained, and short of duration; and even while he seeks them, he exposes himself to the danger either of just censure or pedantic cavil. A few passages, where some of the greatest changes of this kind have been made, are noticed in the preface.

Note 6. Line 129. " 'Twas thus." &c.

I have well grounded apprehensions that the liberty taken in this place may be censured as licentious. Goethe mentions the fire only as an incidental comparison; and then continues to describe the confusion and distress of the fugitives: but, as he had given

this description immediately before, with a great similarity between many of the leading circumstances, it suggested itself to me, as a thought which happened to have escaped the author, that a picture of the confusion that reigned during the fire itself, would afford a pleasing and a poetic variety. The great outlines of the picture, however, are Goethe's: except the short passage beginning Line 138; and that of the poor prisoner, Line 144. The incidents in the original that were unsuitable, were, from necessity, omitted. If these omissions and alterations, with others, noticed in the preface, are wrong, it is just that the blame should not fall on Goethe. I must further add, the Hostess says the fire happened twenty years before the time at which she speaks: this I have changed to thirty; in conformity to our manners.

Marriages are seldom so early in England as they are on the Continent. The parents of Herman were not married till after the fire; and it appears offensive to our customs, especially with the serious occupations of Herman, in which the poet has made him so well versed and so long engaged, to understand that the hero of the story could not possibly be more than nineteen.

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TERPSICHORE.

Note 1. Line 150. "there received the kiss

"Of love, chaste, taken and giv'n with trembling."
und küsstest mich, und ich verwehrt'es.—"thou didst
 kiss me, and I struggled." See the preface.

Note 2. Line 187, "Look at yon green house."

In sailing up the Elbe, the attention of an English traveller is attracted by the many houses of a green colour, to be seen on its banks : which appears to be a favourite custom among the Germans. The whole picture given by Goethe, of the opulence and pride of this trader, is characteristic; and well preserved. He is mentioned, in the first Canto, as “swiftly driving his daughters in his new landau to the house he had rebuilt:” at present, he and his coquettish daughters are feelingly criticized, by Herman ; and the reader will again find the green house, with its splendid decorations, improvements, and furniture, described by the Apothecary ; partly with admiration, and partly with envy.

Note 3. Line 211. “I patient bore their gibes,” &c.

The original reads, *Aber noch früh genug merk't ich, sie hatten mich immer zum besten.*—"I soon perceived they always had me at the best." *See the preface.*

Note 4. Line 214. "Not soon to be *forgot*."

A style, in writing, is generally first formed from imitation, and memory: the principles of language and grammar are only attentively adverted to by the exercised writer; and generally after he has discovered the numerous errors that resulted from his former inadvertency. He did not at first consider, or perhaps did not know, that Poets in most languages profit by the corruptions of custom; and, with a licence that convenience has rendered allowable, curtailed words, for the sake of the rhyme, or the measure. Participles and adverbs, especially, are thus treated: forgot,

broke, scarce, dutiful, &c. ought to be forgotten, broken, scarcely, dutifully. The sober critic will scarcely censure this remark, as puerile and impertinent, when he recollects the numerous instances, in our prose writers, of the mistakes they fall into, by imitating the permitted diction of poetry.

Note 5. Line 218. "Of Pamina," &c.

Pamina and Tamino are the heroine and the hero of the *Zauber flöte*; the most popular comic Opera in the German language. The music was composed by Mozart; and has contributed more, perhaps, than all his other works, to the splendid fame his memory bears in Germany: where, strange to say, he is almost generally preferred to the wonderful the immortal Haydn.

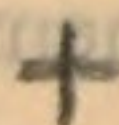
Note 6. Line 233. "but never more to cross

"That threshold, with a lover's trembling hopes."

The original reads, — *und schwur nicht mehr zu betreten die schwelle*: literally,—"swore never more to cross the threshold." Again, two lines lower:

und ich höre, noch heiss ich bey ihnen immer Tamino:—

I hear they always call me Tamino. See the preface.



THALIA.

Note 1. Line 57.

"To the Town an ornament he'll prove."

The mother adds, he will be *ein trefflicher Wirth*, i. e. an excellent Innkeeper. See the preface.

Note 2. Line 101.

"Nor better fares my painted Hall."

To the description of the Apothecary's grotto, and particularly of this picture, which he and others thought so admirable, some additional touches have been given. Goethe is one of the most zealous correctors of the depraved taste, in the arts, which has prevailed in Germany, and which, speaking in general, is only beginning to disappear, who have written or employed themselves on such subjects. He is the Editor of a Journal, entitled *Propyläen*: which is wholly dedicated to this purpose. His claims to the respect and honour, in which he is held by his countrymen, are indeed numerous. The modern simplicity, of the excellency of which we are made to feel the Apothecary so strongly doubts, is rather thus insinuated and pleasantly recommended to notice by the Poet, than actually practised: the

instances in which it is adopted, to any great extent, are rare.

Note 3. Line 122.

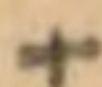
“The angel Michael, and the horrid Dragon.”

The Apothecaries of Germany have generally larger signs, and more extravagant for bad taste, than those of other traders.

† EUTERPE.

Note 1. Line 166. “Honour thy father,” &c.

Here, and in Line 236, of this Canto, I have quoted from scripture, without the authority of Goethe; from a persuasion that both the quotations are in the feeling and character of the speaker.



POLYHYMNIA.

Note 1. Line 168.

“ Thus, self confiding, self resolved, I fly.”

Entirely to preserve the haste with which the author has so excellently painted the feeling and action of Herman, at this moment, two lines of the original are omitted: they only add, that, “while he went to the stable, the other persons consulted together.”

Note 2. Line 201.

One of the praises bestowed on Goethe, by the German critics, is that of not indulging himself in fanciful and false pictures, of the persons, places, and things described: but of being so attentive to reality as to excite admiration, as well for the accuracy as the beauty of the descriptions. Of this the passage

beginning—"Black is her corset"—is a proof. A poet of less discernment would, perhaps, have clothed his heroine in flowing robes. Dorothea is strictly in the costume of the country; which she has ennobled, by those just attentions that every where distinguish the woman of good sense, and delicate feeling, in the arrangement of her dress, be the costume what it will.

Note 3. Line 207. "her kirtle blue, in folds descends."—This is a charming trait, like that of the plaited cambric, of Dorothea's peculiar respect for decent modesty, in dress: for in these countries, the petticoat seldom reaches lower than the calf of the leg; and sometimes but little below the knee.

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CLIO.

Note 1. Line 114. "The robbers came," &c.— translated literally, the German reads as follows,—
"They [the soldiers] saw the image of the beautiful well-grown virgin, [Dorothea] and of the lovely maidens, who might still be called children. Wild desire seized them: they fell unfeelingly upon the trembling flock, and the high-hearted maiden: but she wrested from the side of one of them a sword, hewed him down powerfully, and he rolled bleeding at her feet. Then, with manly blows, the maiden valiently befreed herself, and struck four more of the robbers; who fled from death. She then locked [or barred up] the court; and waited, armed, for help."

I feared the English reader might accuse the digni-

fied, yet the tender, Dorothea of being a Joan of Arc; and therefore gave a different shade to the colouring.

Note 2. Line 166. "Friendship, love, and truth, are
"tried by time."—The German reads—"I have often
proved the truth of the proverb: till thou hast consumed a bushel of salt with thy new acquaintance, do not lightly give him trust." I do not recollect a similar proverb in English. It is strictly in the character of the Apothecary: but, except so far as it is qualified by the epithet *lightly*, its morality is selfish, and depraved.

Note 3. Line 210. "O that my purse were well replenished."

The Apothecary several times speaks of his want of wealth with regret, bordering on discontent. When, in the third Canto, he mentions his treasures, they are characterized rather as hoards of admiration than of use: "his sainted mother's coins and chains of gold." And though he afterwards speaks of his money, we are from his character obliged to suppose it was a hoard of the same nature; not to be touched. From the habitual foresight of cunning, such a man, on such an occasion, might even leave the money he usually ventured to carry in his pocket at home.

The tobacco he gives is received as a welcome donation; and readers in general will scarcely be aware how very welcome it would be to a German, in want

of this his darling luxury. For this reason, instead of the literal sense, "good tobacco is always welcome to the traveller," it is varied to—"we Germans love the consolation of the pipe."

In the original, there is not only tobacco but tobacco-pipes in the pouch. The pipes commonly used in Germany are of various forms, sizes, and materials; and may be disjointed and put in the pocket: but English readers, in general, having seen none but pipes of clay, would have thought this strange, if not absurd; and it scarcely could be right to draw their attention from the poem, by an incident of so little moment. It may be added, the Apothecary was really kind hearted; and could not withstand the sympathetic emotion, which the words and the

example of the Pastor had produced : he therefore generously deprived himself of his pouch. A man like this is perhaps to be pitied : for he could scarcely prevail on himself to buy another.

Note 4. Line 257. "When parents wish the son should wed."—As an illustration of the custom, the decline of which the Apothecary here bewails, the following account of the marriages of the peasants in Silesia is given. It is translated from *Le Nord Littéraire* ; a periodical work, by Professor Olivarius, of Kiel, in Holstein ; and appeared in an English Journal : but, as that Journal was little read, or known, it will probably be new to the reader.

"Marriages here do not proceed so rapidly as in great cities ; on the contrary, they are always attended by

delays, begun by conferences, and followed by the thousand and one difficulties. Goodness of character is the first requisite, and the proof demands numerous preparatory steps, ceremonies and solemnities; which are not the work of a day, but often of several months, and even of years.

“ The contract at length signed, and the day fixed, the father of the family, assisted by a master of the ceremonies, or *invitor*, is seen very gravely tormenting himself concerning the rules and etiquette necessary to be observed, as if he were the chief *maitre d'hotel* to a prince. He must consider first what he can afford, then the honour of the family, and the custom of the canton; and, what is more embarrassing still, and requires most deliberation, the order and number of

invitations, with the place to be assigned on the day of marriage to each guest, according to his rank.

“ The essential qualities required by a countryman with his bride, are money and chattels. He usually goes far in search of her; for fame, both in town and country, is increased by distance, which magnifies the good, and diminishes the bad. He likewise expects decorum from her, and a proper behaviour; and the girl to whom he is a stranger, that has them not, can better affect to have them, than she with whose manners he has long been acquainted. The more reserved and silent a young woman is, the more is her lover pleased. If, when in company, she eats and drinks but little, and protests she has feasted very heartily, though still both hungry and thirsty, and if, in fine,

she is satisfied with every thing, she will not want adorers. Another requisite, as is but natural, is, that she should be industrious. With respect to beauty, it is supposed to consist in a mild look, fresh colour, and a certain degree of fulness of form.

“ The parties are betrothed some weeks or months before marriage ; and this betrothing is performed with no ceremony, except a family dinner. The contract is then signed, and the betrothed receives her lover's presents, consisting of a psalm book, bound in black morocco, with gilt edges, and a piece of gold, which she afterwards wears in her bosom. If he is rich, he adds a gold ring.

“ Two invitations to the marriage are sent ; not be-

cause there is any fear the first should be forgotten, but solely that there may be a greater degree of solemnity ; for the more solemn the preparations of the feast are, the more awful they appear to simplicity ; and the more it is famed, the more they think the marriage respectable ; in direct opposition to the kind of incognito observed at most of the marriages of the great.

“ Eight days before the nuptials the inviters beat the country round in search of relations, friends, and people in place, magistrates, clergymen, &c. braving the weather, though, as the proverb says, “ it were too bad to turn a dog out of doors.” The poor usually employ only one of these hyperborean Mercuries, who trots on foot, wearing a large nosegay at his button-hole,

his hat and waistcoat adorned with gewgaws, Dutch gilt, and with a corner of a handkerchief, given him by the bride, hanging from his pocket. The wealthy are honoured by a horseman, followed by a deputy; the horses with their Sunday saddles all bedecked with ribbands, for which honour the poor animals dearly pay, the law of etiquette requiring this kind of ambassador never to pass a village but on the gallop, and some of the villages are very long. An invitor is a kind of profession in the country; but, as invitations are not made every day, it is usually exercised by taylor, shoemakers, and others, who, at their leisure, turn over written instructions and old books, from which, as from the academy of compliments, they can learn those fine hyperboles that constitute the merit of their trade.

“ When an invitor enters the door, he makes an harangue to the person invited, bestowing on him the titles of virtuous, sage, respectable, and every other which he thinks can round his periods and dignify his phraseology. Some of these orators, by the force of habit, repeat their fine compliments with tolerable volubility. All is under the direction of the invitor, during the nuptials. Having been the herald, he becomes master of the ceremonies, carver, choice spirit, and buffoon ; nay, if he piques himself on being perfect in his profession, he must know how, by his well-timed art, to make the guests melt in tears, or laugh till they are tired. His sallies must be frequent, and he must not only be able to put the question, but to make the reply. Hence, in reality, he is the chief person at the feast, and accordingly receives adequate recompense in presents.

“ The second invitation is sent early on the morning of marriage ; after which the bridegroom, accompanied by those of his own village that have been invited, goes in search of the bride. The jovial caravan, which seldom is made on foot, is known on the road by the whimsicality of its carriages and little carts, and by the Sunday airs of those on horseback, who do not fail to announce the arrival of the procession, and their own speed, by the report of their pistols. Meantime, the bride and her friends are at breakfast, and the bridegroom, having arrived full gallop, and been announced by the invitor, he modestly takes his place among the guests.

“ Soon afterwards, the invitor addresses himself in a most pathetic speech to the father and mother of the

bride ; nor is it without drawing tears from the whole assembly that he pictures their approaching separation from their daughter, and demands to know, if they are still determined to bestow her on the bridegroom. Of the emphatic nature of this discourse some judgment may be formed from the following phrase, which is never omitted. "A father and mother, when they give their daughter in marriage to a young man, do neither more nor less than cut their heart in two, as it were, with a great carving knife, and present one half of it to her husband on a wooden trencher." An harangue like this cannot but *split all hearts*; while it seldom happens that the clergyman, addressing himself to the new-married couple at the altar, has the power to draw a tear.

"One of the most remarkable preliminary steps in

the conjugal union is, that before they enter the church the bride presents the bridegroom with a winding-sheet, and a sprig of rosemary; after which the invitor proceeds to arrange the guests in two rows, appointing to each his proper place; and in this order, to the music of bells, the procession moves towards the church.

“The rank assigned to each by the invitor must be strictly conformable to the proper degree of distinction among the guests; and woe be to him, should he commit a mistake, for it is infallibly followed by unextinguishable hatred. Such absurd vanity is no less potent here than it is in courts.

“The women lead the procession to the church, and, the

ceremony ended, they return in the same order, with this exception, that the men now precede the women: an apt symbol of the change effected by the marriage ceremony, on the relative condition of the man and woman. The bride is now conducted to her own door, but there the persons invited take their leave, to return again at four o'clock. The ceremony of seating them at table then begins, which is no trifling affair, the guests being always very numerous. The invitor is allowed an hour to mark out the place of each, and it is likewise his business that nothing should be wanting on the table. Our good country people are now seated, and instantly behold a copious bowl of pottage appear, which is soon succeeded by enormous joints of boiled meat, in company with numerous plates of never absent horse-radish. Sour

kraut, well garnished with sausages and black puddings, are the next in place; then come the carp, a food too light; but in revenge it is followed by a large limb of roast pork, which is excellent in proportion as it is fat. Bread and butter close the repast, when malt liquors and brandy are profusely handed round. During the feast, the invitor must not only watch that every person is well supplied with all that he can wish, but must likewise be always ready with his joke. A true Grecian Anganoste, he is the lecturer; but he reads imaginary pages of his own, which he fails not to embellish with comic and satiric annotations. At intervals he makes short addresses to the company, which he concludes by requesting every person present to grant him forgiveness, if, erring by accident, or from the fallibility of human nature,

he has committed any mistake in the distribution of places, it being far from his intention to insult the dignity of any one. He then requests them to return thanks to God for all his goodness, to which he excites them by placing before them the examples afforded by the Heathen world.

“As it may happen, however, in spite of all his precaution, that there may be a momentary relapse of merriment, some old woman in the company takes care occasionally to make a wooden cuckoo sing, which she keeps cunningly under her apron. Then are bursts of laughter heard, and every kind of sally and well-known joke goes round. They do not rise, however, without saying grace, and singing a psalm.

"The banquet ended, the ball begins, and the bride is obliged to dance with all the guests, one after another. The time she grants to each is in proportion to the present he makes, and the company frequently does not separate till the following morning is far advanced. At length the festival ends, and the bride, instead of being conducted to her husband's home, is left in her father's house, where she remains twelve or fifteen days, which time being expired, she repairs to her destined abode without further ceremony."

Note 5. Line 283. "and that fine form; which, if
"I never must embrace, I never can forget."

The German reads:—

*Drück' ich sie nie an das herz, so will ich die brust und
die schultern
Einmal noch sehen, die mein arm so sehr zu umschliessen
begebret.*

i. e. "Should I not press her to my heart, yet I shall see the breast and shoulders, which my arm so much desires to embrace." *See the Preface.*

Note 6. Line 292 "for mournful then each path
"On earth, and every step of life, will be."

In the German: *Vielleicht auch schleich' ich alleine
Jene pfade nach haus, und betrete froh sie nicht wieder.*

i. e. "Perhaps I shall *slink* home along the path alone; and never tread it chearfully again. *See the Preface.*

ERATO.

Note 1, Line 10. Our Poets have usually written the word *real* as a dissyllable; and it is one to the eye, but not to the ear: as far as that is to decide, fire,

ire, hour, lour, and many others, might much more properly be thus considered.

Note 2, Line 64. "The skilful arm," &c.

Sah die stärke des arms, und die volle gesundheit der glieder

i. e. "saw the strength of the arm, and the full health of the limbs. See the Preface.

MELPOMENE.

Note 1, Line 22. "Without this caution,

Ne'er should I have gain'd my father's love."

Denn so strebt ich bisher vergebens dem vater zu dienen.

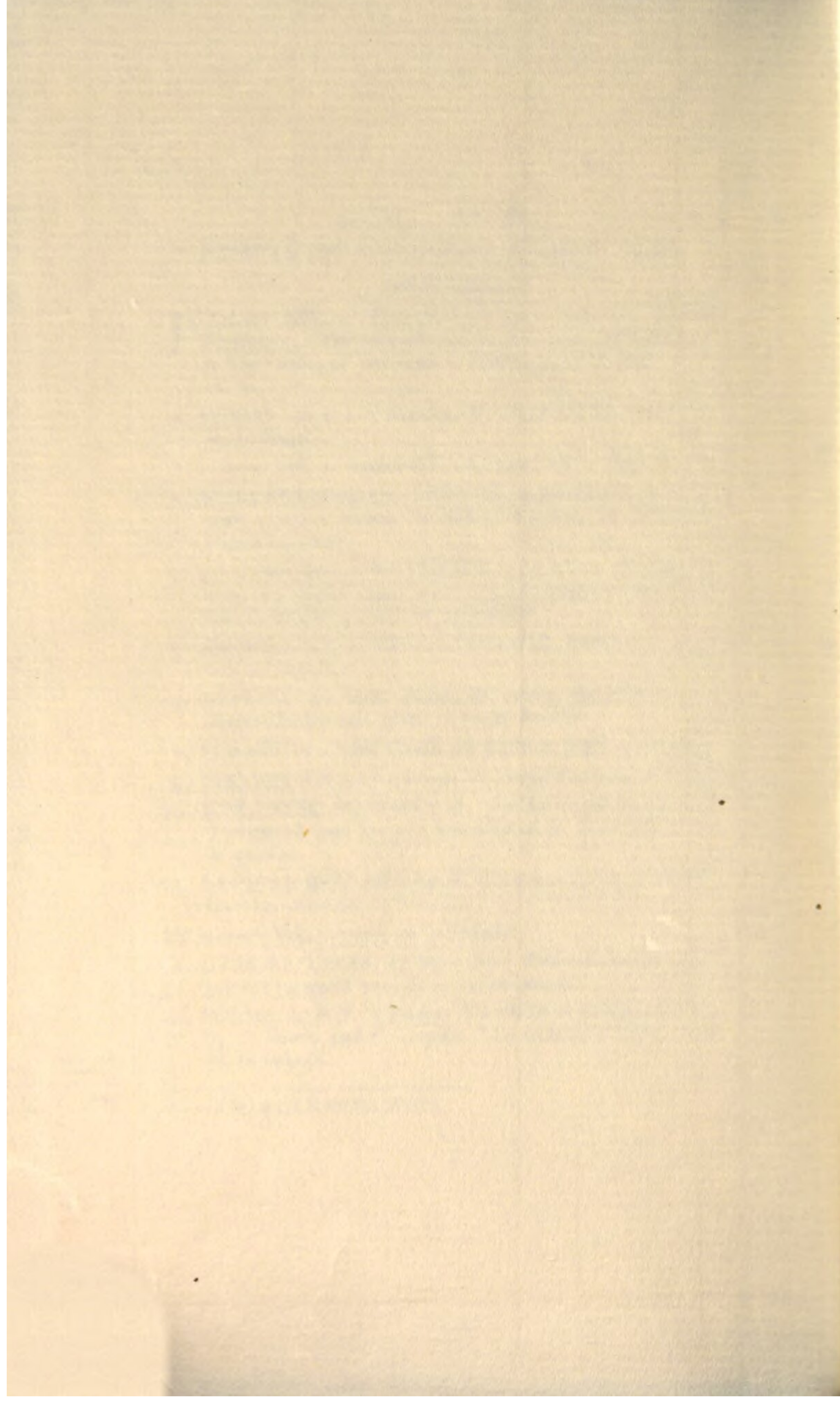
i. e. "I have hitherto striven in vain to serve [oblige] my father. See the Preface.

E N D.

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